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THE ENTHROWN STONE

ALEXANDER MARLOWE

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The Unthrown Stone

A POEM BY

ALEXANDER MARLOWE

"Utilitas operis, oculis inspecta serenis,
Vix patietur opus a justo judice sperni."

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THE UNTHROWN STONE

INTRODUCTION

Thou Spirit-Muse bright Paraclete of God,
Proceeding from Jehovah and His Son;
Eternal Ruach, who with motherlike concern,
Spread loving wings above the shapeless mass,
Which dread Elohim in the past flung out,
The un-evolved embryo of the earth;
Thou, who of old inspired the Prophet-Bards,
And spoke through them concerning David's Seed,
And of the Star, which wicked Balaam saw;
Who filled with holy frenzy Jacob's soul,
And made him see the sceptred Shilo-King;
Thou, who didst brood on Mary, virgin pure,
Conceiving in her womb the Saviour Christ,
And later rested on His sacred head,
Above dark Jordan as a flaming Dove,
Ordaining Him to His atoning task;
Thou, who before the dawn of Easter's sun,
Re-filled His body with that fiery life,
Which is the source of all created things;
Thou Pneuma-Storm, who came with tongues of fire,
And fell upon the Twelve at Pentecost:
Inspire thy servant now, and guide his song,
That God's pure truth, besprent with Christ's own
blood,
May vibrate through its lines, and bring to men
The message of the latter days of earth.

Ye fabled Nine, Olympus-Maids, who once
(Apollo's playmates in Parnassus' halls)
Endued with sacred sparks, the bards of old:
I here disclaim your aid. A holier fire,

A greater strength, a purer force I need.
Terpsichore's golden harp, Erate's lute,
Urania's light, Euterpe's luring flute,
Are too profane. The Muses may not touch
The garments of the King, who rides the clouds;
But Spirit of the Triune, living God:
Be thou my Guide along the winding path,
Which leads from Bethlehem to Calvary,
And from the cross up to the golden throne.

He came unto His own, that Holy One,
As summer rain upon the new mown grass.
And as the Day-Orb, pouring healing bliss,
From God's great Father-Heart to Adam's spawn,
He tenderly and lovingly announced
The golden day of sweet, uplifting grace.
He came with balm for broken-hearted men,
With liberty for sin-imprisoned souls;
But that "small voice" from ancient Horeb's mount,
Which He employed, though fierce Elijah veiled
His countenance, perceiving Israel's God,
This viper-generation mocked and spurned.
The blinded mob rejected their true King.

He came unto His own in human garb,
Revealing unto them His Father's mind:
The burning letter from dread Sinai's top,
Engraven by God's finger on the rock,
Proclaiming the pure nature of His will,
And holy hatred of the monster Sin;
That law, which dealt the pain of cruel death
To him, who broke its smallest point or jot,

Was kept by Him, the regal, perfect Son
Of heaven's Emperor, who came to earth,
Born of a virgin, to fulfill its claims,
And to atone for those who failed to gain
The eminence, where its high standards shone.

Arise, ye lovers of celestial lore.
Stand up, admirers of the blameless life.
Ye searchers after truth and wisdom's seed:
Submit yourselves to my high Spirit-Guide,
And let Him lead you forth, into the path,
Commencing at the manger in the stall,
And ending at the Cross of Calvary;
That narrow path, bedewed with holy blood,
Macadamized with perfect sacrifice,
Cemented firmly with the tears and gore
Of Him, who bore the hell-constructed cross.
Ye spokesmen of the race, ye men of mind:
What think ye of the sacred Lamb of God?
Here let your verdict sound, and let me pass
It down to those, who listen in the vale.
What think ye, mighty sages, of the Lord ?

Ah no,—too frail is this poor page to bear
The testimonies of that countless throng,—
Those vast battalions of His friends and foes,
Who here appear, constrained to offer praise,
And utter their eulogiums to the name
Of Him, of whom the pharisees of old,
Though diabolic, were compelled to say:
"No guile is on His lips; He did no sin."
The Spirit will not stay to put in verse,

The wailings of the demons, whom His power
Adjured, and drove into the herd of swine.
He will not linger here, while Judas moans
About the Innocent, whose blood he spilt.
Nor may we tarry with the son of Rome,
Who, trembling, when the earthquake shook the hill,
Cried out in penitence with grief-torn heart:
"This was a righteous Man,—the Son of God."
Search for yourselves; search in the Queen of Books,
Ye children of confusion in the vale.
There is the Word of life-begetting Life,
Which tells of Him who lived, who died and rose,
And prophesies of Him who will return.
And in the annals of this hoary world,
Where those events, which passed, are noted down,—
Where deep opinions of mind-giants stand,
I find His lustrous splendour shining forth.
As ancient Hermon lifts its snow-clad brow
In stern sublimity on Bashan's plain,
And reigns a monarch over lesser rocks,
So the exalted King of David's line,
In lofty grandeur, towers above the race.

True legates of the Lord have spoken here,
Compelling a vast host to pass review.
They wrung a testimony from the crew
Of polished pagans and coarse infidels.
They placed before us Channing's, Rousseau's thoughts;
They summoned Herder, the illustrious sage,
Spinoza, Hegel and immortal Kant,

Each lifting high a radiant witness-torch,
According glory to the Son of Man.
The foul-tongued Ingersoll and lewd Tom Paine,—
Lords of Inferno's dunghills—with the fiends,
Who weltered in the Lake of Galilee,
Alike confessed His holiness and might.
So did the great and wondrous son of Mars,
The splendid world-prostrator, Bonaparte,
When he acknowledged love was more than force,
And humbly worshipped Christ, the God of love.
So did Count Tolstoy and that German bard,
Who gave us "Faust," and pointed out the truth:
That Good will conquer Evil in the end.

The evening star is shining, and the day
Crept back into the womb of ancient night.
The lengthened shadows fall in spectre-forms,
And gales are blowing from the distant worlds.
My mind was reeling, as I stood in awe,
Beholding spirits of a by-gone age,
Proceed in shadow-chariots o'er the plain.
Their silver raiment blinded my poor sight;
Their voices sounded as the rolling sea,
While golden incense bowls they held aloft.
And as I listened, grovelling in the dust,
To the grand pean from God's holy hill,
My Spirit-Guide took up the song, and swelled
With loving strength, the deep, momentous peal:
"Behold arrayed, the sons of living faith!
The world unworthy was of such as these."

There stood Savonarola, clad in flame,

Embracing his twin-brother of the faith,
The martyr of Bohemia, sacred Huss.
I saw that Galileo, who was slain
By papal monsters on the fatal stake.
I saw those men, whom Bloody Mary killed
With roasting fire, on cursed Smithfield's plain.
I saw the Inquisition-Victims, torn
Upon the rack, and heard them sing His praise.
Oh wondrous song from holy martyr lips!
It rings down through the ages, and it soars
With never ending sweetness to the sky,
Ambrosial incense to the radiant King.

Refrain! Why should I further witness call?
John Calvin, Martin Luther and John Knox,
Whitefield, the trumpet-tongued, and Zinzendorf,
Together with the children of their faith,
Proclaimed His name to earth's remotest end.
And poets true, blown earthward by God's breath,
Rejoicing in the fields of living green,
Their eyes upon the deep, unfathomed blue,
Striking with a melody of thunder,
Their golden harps,—those vital instruments
Of burning souls, and royal, high-born speech,—
And pouring out their spirits on the strings,
That they might flow like rivers through the souls
Of mighty generations, still unborn:
Their noblest theme is Christ, whose voice of power,
With threatening terror, tamed the raging waves;
Jesus, who raised the dead to life, and slew
The monster Death in his own dark abode.

Ye angel citizens of heaven's realm,
Ye lofty powers from celestial lands:
Come, tune your harps, and utter forth your praise
To Jah-Elohim of the ancient days.
Instruct us how the Infinite, who fills
All space,—immensity's immortal Lord,—
Who bears upon His shoulders heaven's dome;
Who holds the rolling ocean in His hand,
And scourges tempest horses o'er the main;
Who flings the star-fire from the hill of light,
And frowns in storm-clouds on the trembling world,
We earth-born beings fain would learn from you,
How that pure Spirit, without parts and form,
The unseen Source of all created things,
The fierce Omnipotence, who hurls the dart,
Which lays the cedar low on Lebanon,
Who breaks the ice-bands round Orion's neck,
And sets at liberty, sweet Pleiades;—
We stagger, and would learn how the "I AM"
Contracted His all-filling Self into
A little Babe of human flesh and blood.
Oh come, ye harbingers from wisdom's well,
And satisfy our hungry, little minds.

Ye do not answer? No,—your wisdom may
Not penetrate that fountain, in whose depth,
The counsels of Omniscience are hid.
Ye sang His praises round the sacred trough,
Where the Davidic Maid had laid her Son.
Ye knew your Triune Sovereign dwelt in Him,
But ye, high potentates could only bow,

And cast your star-bright crowns before His feet.
Ye did not know, while wonderstruck ye knelt,
How the eternal Logos became flesh,
Nor how the fulness of the Godhead dwelt
In that frail Infant on the humble straw.
Ye could not teach those holy, white-winged babes,
The angel children from the vales of bliss,
Who left their heavenly playgrounds, and came down
To sing in ancient Jesse's fields by night,
With silver voices, touching lyres of gold,
While their pure wings were dripping precious dew
Of liquid jewels on the waiting earth.
And as they showered kisses on the flower,—
The beauteous lily, queen in meekness' realm,
And knelt before the rose on Sharon's hill,—
The grandeur-torrents from your mighty souls,
Burst forth in vocal splendour from your lips,
In full, majestic anthems, soaring up,
Harmonious with their carols, to His praise:
"Peace to the earth; good will to fallen men,
And glory to the God, who dwells on high."

Hail to the Son, who flung His robe divine,
Upon the sky, and laid His scepter down.
Hail unto Him, who left that sapphire throne,
Which Buzi's son in fiery visions saw;
Who did not hold the form of God a prey,
But placed His deity in altar fires,
A full, tremendous sacrifice for man.

GETHSEMANE AND GOLGOTHA

Once more, thine aid, oh Spirit, I implore.
I am assured by ever truthful lips:
Thee, living Glory, God would fain bestow
On those, who praying, crave that blessed Boon.
And he, who leaned his head unto the breast
Of Jesus, at the sacred evening feast,
Hath told us of the promise which Christ gave
Concerning thee, to all, who do believe.
I now desire to see the sinless Lamb,
Immanuel, immaculate and pure.
Let me with vision unabashed, behold
The softened beams from the celestial Sun,
The uncreated Deity in Christ.
I now desire to rise above this self,
To kneel before Him, and to call Him Lord,
And speak the heaven-born language of the soul;
But that prerogative may not be mine,
Unless I enter, clothed with thy might.
Therefore, or Paraclete, lead thou me on:
Show me the past, and open thou mine eye,
That I may see how the receding hours,
Which held in their embrace the Crucified,
Interpret that eternity, which rolls
With storm-swept billows on the rocks of day.

Farewell, thou room of tender memories,
Where Jesus uttered His high-priestly prayer,
And instituted that Memorial-Feast,
Wherein we eat His body, drink His blood,
Sustaining thus the life, the Spirit gave

Unto God's children in the sacred bath
Of Holy Baptism, in the Triune name.
With heavy hearts we pass dark Kidron's brook,
And enter into the deep olive grove,
Where in the dolerous shadow, Jesus kneels.
Oh dismal moments, pregnant with dire woe!
Infernal wind-gusts shake the heavy leaves,
And demon-breathings play upon my face.
The prince, who holds dominion in the air,
Has summoned all his cohorts to the fray.
The lurid sulphur drips from weeping trees,
And owl and raven echo hideous howls
Of ghastly beings, hovering in the gloom.
"Oh righteous Father: let this chalice pass,
If possible, and spare me from this draught;
But Father, not my will, but thine be done."
Thus torment-torn, He cried with plaintive wails,
While stupor-arrows, shot by vicious fiends,
Afflicted His attendants, and they slept.
Oppressive hell-fumes, soporific, strong,
Enthralled them in the ophidian monster's coil.
"Could ye not watch with me one little hour?"
The soul-grieved Saviour murmured to the three:
"Watch ye, and pray, lest stern temptation's power,
Enslave you unawares." But they slept on,
And the distressed Bearer of our woe,
Returned alone to the appointed spot,
To meet the dreadful Over-Lord of hell.

There was a paradise of pleasure once,
An orchard, where the Tree of Life did bloom.
No rain descended, for a living spring,

Welled sparkling currents to the maiden earth.
God's benedictions ran in golden streams,—
In four grand rivers through the blissful place.
There lived the stainless parents of our race,
Rejoicing in Jehovah's perfect will,
And finding their true happiness in Him.
The playful Zephyrs bore His kindness down
From the eternal throne, each rosy morn;
And stars and angels sang of holy peace,
When beauteous night her sable mantle flung,
With tender care around their bridal bed.
Each sunbeam a sweet token brought from God;
Felicity abounding, filled their breasts.

Then entered Lucifer, the venomed snake,
The fallen Morningstar, God's enemy,
To devastate, to harass and destroy.
Such was his custom from the hour he fell;
Such is the custom of his hellish brood
Of crowned gamblers, with their pirate crews
Of robber counsellors, who caused that war,
Which now is drenching Europe's plains with blood.
Into the place of pleasure Satan came,
With hate profound, and murderous intent.
The sightless poet in his deathless book,
Has told us how he thief-like climbed the bounds,
And with observing scorn, great Milton said:
"So clomb the first grand Thief into God's fold:
So since into His Church, lewd hirelings climb."
Oh fatal hour! The bells of nether hell,
Boomed out their peals of loud discordant joy,
When human innocence fell down destroyed;

And holy Seraphs wept that mournful day,
When Lucifer became the prince of earth.

And as be-mantled with the living gloom,
I stand in spirit in Gethsemane,
And see the fairest of the Sons of men,
In deadly combat with the Dragon-Snake,
And as I see the horrid mount of sin,
Committed from the day our Mother fell,—
An Atlas-World of crime and dark despair,
Amassed by demons, into one black ball,
An avalanche of misery,—now hurled
By superhuman fiend-claws at my King,
And fall with concentrated force on Him,
I wonder: does Messiah battle here,
Upon the very spot where Adam fell?
What meant that gore-dipt prayer, which flew to God,
On winged anguish-arrows from His heart?
Did He not say: "I came for this great hour,"
And does He now beseech to be released
From the appalling cup of sacrifice,
Which He declared, He came to earth to drain?
No,—the Unchangeable can never change.
The sinless weakness of His human will,
Was manifest in that woe-pregnant hour.
The power omnipotent, wherewith of old,
He banished Lucifer from heaven's hill,
Was laid upon the altar, and as Man,—
Jehovah's Servant, whom Isaiah saw,—
He fought for Adam's seed against that prince,
Who had usurped the government of earth.

Clad in the perfect panoply of hell,
The grizzly King of Sheol did appear
Upon the world-stage, full of boundless rage,
To strive for the possession of mankind.
Loud sounded Satan's trumpet through the gloom.
And the dark cities in the viewless air,
Where powers and principalities abide,—
All subject to the Sovereign Demon's will,—
Sent forth fresh armies to the scene of war.
Great living horrors with pernicious mien,
Stalked forth to meet Him. Vultures filled the air.
Foul vipers from hell's poison-pools crawled in,
And wagged their forked, venomed tongues at Him.
"Come, Son of David,"—roared the kingly Fiend:
"Come, taste my wrath, and learn thou what it means
To fight the highest cherub, king of earth.
Behold the powers arrayed against thee here,
And shudder at my might, invincible.
Yield, simple Fool, or I destroy thy life.
Thou wilt not yield? Then break, ye prophecies,
And Tyrant yonder, sit enthroned a Liar.
Shalt thou make restitution on a cross,
And hang, like Moses' serpent, in the air?
And shall they part thy garments, and cast lots
About the vesture, there upon thy form?
And must they give thee vinegar to drink,
And pierce those trembling hands and feet of thine?
I tell thee: no. Thou diest at my hand.
Here in the gloom, I strangle thee to death,
And make thy prophecies a fraud, a lie."

Thus spoke the Demon, towering in wild rage,
And sounded his impetuous battle-cry.
His thunderous strokes fell on the Saviour's form,
And as a serpent, he encoiled the Lord,
Pressing His sacred blood from every pore,
Until it fell as dew upon the flowers,
And haggard death came formidably near.
Then cried the Holy One to the Most High:
"Thy will be done. Oh let this chalice pass.
Thy promises must be fulfilled in me."

The answer came. Swift as a sunbeam's flash,
The bright archangel Gabriel appeared
In arms refulgent, followed by a host
Of mighty angels, who obeyed his will.
The fire of holiness shone round his brow,
And terrors sparkled from his ponderous sword.
The demons shrieked, and Satan stood abashed.
Then kneeling in the dust before his Lord,
The high commander of the legions spoke:
"Oh God, adored forevermore, behold
Thy servant bow submissive to thy will.
The sword is drawn. Wilt thou that I shall strike,
And scatter this infernal herd of hell?"
"My servant, nay," the Sufferer meekly said:
"Bring me the goblet, yonder seraph holds."
And saying thus, He fell unto the earth.

Immortal angels wept, while Gabriel
Pressed a great goblet of celestial strength,
A cup, full of the Father's loving will,
Unto His lips, which He drank greedily.

Then rose He from the bloody rock, and bound
Hell's struggling lion to His chariot wheel,
With chains of purpose, strong as death and fate.

With a strange smile, sad as the misty morn,
He looked upon His slumbering, drowsy friends.
Said He in accents, vibrant with the hour:
"Sleep on now; take your rest. It is enough.
The hour has come. Arise, and let us go.
A golden opportunity ye lost.
Arise, embrace the future; it is yours."
And forth the royal Victor passed to meet
The prince of traitors, and the ruffian band,
Who carried torches while the full moon shone,
To light a fear-struck conscience on its path,—
And staves, to yield protection from the fears,
To which their guilt gave birth within their hearts.

The father of our race, when he had sinned,
Shame-covered, hid among the garden trees,
Until the voice of justice summoned him.
Not so the second Adam. Forth He goes
To meet the searchers, asking: "Whom seek ye?"
"Jesus of Nazareth," they gruffly said.
"And I am He," the quiet answer came.
Blown by the august breath of power divine,
His declaration hurled the murder-band
Upon the ground, in low prostration down.
And thus His enemies shall all be thrown,
When without palm-branch and the Shepherd's
crook,
He comes with scales of justice and the sword.

The Lord shall laugh and in derision hold
The straw, attacking His eternal fire.
With overwhelming irony He spoke
To the banditti at His feet again,
Displaying on His breast the royal star
Of dread almightiness and kingly grace:
"Whom seek ye?" And the monitor within,
Reproved them for their foolishness and sin.
Their boldness had forsaken them and fled.
"Jesus of Nazareth," came tremblingly
The faint response from a few timid lips.
"Have I not told you once that I am He?"
The Lord demanded from the motley herd.
"This is your hour, and darkness reigns supreme.
If therefore ye seek me, let these go hence."

With leering looks the ugly traitor came,
And hailed Him "Master" with a reptile kiss.
But Christ bared unto him his rotten soul
With the sad question: "Friend, why hast thou come?
Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"
Why did not Judas copyright that deed?
Some pulpiteers are plagiarizing him.
With kiss of praise, they foul Christ's holy lips,
While they betray His shed atoning blood.
His program of redemption they discard,
And make a substitute for silver coin.
Some buffoons, whom the Church ordained to preach
The wondrous gospel of God's saving grace,
Now lecture on economy and fads,
And give lewd entertainments to a crowd,

Who otherwise would not support their craw.
Ye modern followers of Iscariot:
Oh that ye had the traitor's self-respect.
Ten thousand feet of hemp would scarce suffice,
If ye would act as decently as he.

Then discord was produced by thoughtless love.
Excited Cephas drew his blade of steel,
And blindly struck among Belial's brood.
Our natural heart commends thee, Simon,—yes,
And would have blessed thee hadst thou cleft in twain,
The head of him, whom Christ a devil called,
Not merely injured a poor bondman's ear.
But He, who guides my pen along this line,
The gracious Spirit, who unsealed thy lips,
When on the day of Pentecost thou stoodst,
A living witness for the risen Christ,—
Abhorred thy conduct, for His aim is love.
Thou didst obstruct thy Lord's redeeming work,
Hence His command divine: "Put up thy sword.
They that draw sword, shall perish by the sword."
That mandate was forgotten by Berlin,
When military monsters drew the steel,
To stab a weaker nation's trembling heart.
And still their swords are drawn and cannon fire
Is thundering death on land and briny wave.
Attila does not ask if he may strike.
But prays that murder may be blessed by God.
One touch of Christ, and healed the bondslave stands.
Oh Son of God: apply that healing touch

To suffering millions round the bloody globe,
Whom Thor and Mars, those brutes of nether hell,
Have caused to bleed and suffer in distress.

They bound the loving hand that healed the wound;
The Lord of liberty they placed in chains.
Oh Spirit, Spirit, shall I linger here
With groaning angels and crestfallen men?
The heavenly bells are ringing deep and low.
Seraphic tears like heavy rain-drops fall,
And cherubs veil their faces in dismay,
Not understanding this dense mystery
Of the Eternal, shackled like a slave.

Now vanish, vanish, Aaron's priestly sons.
The day of types and emblems disappears.
The true High Priest goes to the Mercy Seat,
With blood more precious than of goats and calves.
Oh Liquidator of our debt, all hail!
Jehovah Zidkenu, our Righteousness,
Our Substitute, God's sacrifice for sin.

They led the pure and holy Lamb of God
Unto a twice dead sinner to be judged,—
To Annas, the astute, the tyrannous,
Unvenerable, aged Saducee;
The friend of Herod, serpentine and mean;
The avaricious mover of the plot
Against the Man, who cleansed His Father's house
Of that same viper's brood, with scourge in hand.
To this base, surreptitious knave they brought
The Lion of the tribe of Judah bound.

Manoah's son of old, his fetters rent,
But Mary's Son permits the chain to bind,
That we may gain the perfect liberty.
Illegally, the hoary hypocrite
Began his ignominious questioning,
Attempting to ensnare the Innocent.
But as the splendours of the rising sun
Fall, like red terrors into slimy pools,
Where vipers breed, so fell the calm reproof
Of Christ, into the soul of the High Priest:
"Why dost thou ask? I have taught openly.
Ask those here, who have heard me, for they know."
But Conscience, the Interpreter, pronounced
The question differently in Annas' heart:
"Oh priest, behold transparent innocence
Before thee in this youthful Nazarene.
No guile is found in Him,—but thou and thine?
What meaneth this indecent mockery
Of justice, and this midnight secrecy?
Gird now thy loins, oh crafty Saducee,
And answer me, thy Judge, who fain would know."
A servile bondman answered for the priest,
Profaning unreproved by him, the face
Which mighty angels gaze upon with awe,
With a vile blow. No flash of anger scathed
The ruffian dog. The insult was embraced
With noble meekness. As the Hellespont
Received a scourging from a royal slave
Without great indignation, our dear Lord
Serenely suffered the indignity.
When the old violator of God's law
Perceived that he was baffled, and the Christ

Would brook no further question before him,
Sent Him in chains to Joseph Caiaphas,
His son-in-law, the titular High Priest.

The mitred hierarch sat in Aaron's chair,
Uuscrupulous as Annas, but less strong,—
The representative of God on earth.
Hyena-like, nefarious plotters watched,
While lying witnesses denounced their King.
Majestic silence throned upon His lips,
And snared in falsehood, His accusers stood.
Untruth defeats itself, and falls condemned,
And blatant falsehood here met living Truth.
The culprits felt *they* stood before their Judge.

Half crazed with fear, the priest forsook his seat,
And charged into the midst as a mad bull,
Crying with frantic voice: "Dost thou not hear
These testimonies? Hast thou naught to say?"
Still His white innocence, clothed in the garb
Of holy silence, like a diamond shield,
Dulled every poisoned arrow that was aimed.
Reduced to utter fury and despair,
The inconsistent hypocrite exclaimed:
"I now adjure thee by the living God,
That thou dost tell us whether thou be Christ,
Son of the Blessed One, our promised King."
We thank thee for that question, Caiaphas,
Strange as it was to a defenseless Man.
And dost thou crave an oath, oh priest, then hear
The heavenly thunder roll the great: "I AM,—
And ye shall see the Son of Man enthroned

At the right hand of the eternal God,
And coming with the clouds to judge the world."

Behold the false High Priest before the true.
The sacerdotal villain tore his robe,
(Although a cynic and a Saducee)
And yelled with feigned terror: "Blasphemy!
What further need of witnesses have we?
Ye all have heard Him mock the Infinite."
And the Satanic conclave doomed their Lord.
Thus Israel rejected Christ as King.

The hour of midnight died a moaning death.
All nature sighed, and hoary frost sent chills
Upon the brutal crowd of servitors,
Who lingered in the court-yard of the priest.
The thoughtless, evil-natured blasphemers,
Stood huddled round an urn with burning coal.
Imprudent Peter, bold and venturesome,
Among the wanton varlets took his stand,
His loving zeal now tempered with gray fear.
There, in the cold, he played with dangerous fire.
The man who first proclaimed his Master Christ,
And came to Him upon the surging waves;
The man who boasted of his faithfulness,
Denied his Lord with curses loud and foul.
And the grand Victim of ferocious hate,
Heard the gutteral, perjured accents fall
As poison-drops into the fatal cup,
Which He must drain unto the bitter dregs.
The bird of day crew in that dusky hour,
But louder crew the conscience in a heart,
Where wounded love lay wailing in distress.

With rude and ribald jeers and vicious blows,
They led the bound Redeemer past the group
Where Peter stood,—and Jesus looked at him,
And there was anguish in the tender glance.
As living sunbeams fall on darkened soil,
So fell that loving gaze on Peter's soul.
The Angel of Repentance clasped the man,
And the poor sinner wept upon his breast.
Blest be those tears, and blessed be that look,
Which dooms the vile, old self, and brings to life
A new creation in the fallen heart.

When Jesus left Gethsemane in chains,
The man who sinned against the Holy Ghost,
And sold his soul to Lucifer, remained.
And hell remained with him. His better self
Was dead,—slain by himself, who heeded not
The admonitions of the Spirit-Guide,
Which came to him in thousand different forms,
During those days of opportunity,
When God's own Son taught him the way of bliss.
While busy for the Evil One, the fiends
Left him in peace, and filled his foolish heart
With prospects of preferment here on earth.
Assuming pleasant shapes, they beckoned him
To glory, and he spurned the narrow path
Of sacrifice, which Jesus offered him.
He closed his ears unto the final voice
Of warning, and became perdition's child.
But when his awful life-work was performed,
And he had realized the plans of hell,
The birds of consequence came fluttering,

And filched the spurious peace away from him.
The dragon bellowed at him, and the snakes
Of everlasting woe, hissed everywhere.
The demons of Remorse and black Despair,
Fed on his mind and soul. All hope was gone,
For true repentance was impossible.
The saving Agent had forsaken him,
And mocking devils only, greeted him
On every side. Frenzied and fury-torn,
He ran to his associates in crime,
And wailed his dark confession to the priests:
"I have betrayed the innocent and pure.
Woe, woe,—my guilt is dragging me to hell.
Relieve me, ye, for I am sore distressed."
Derisive laughter met his piteous cry.
"See thou to that,"—they said with cold contempt,
And spurned their broken tool of infamy.
With a wild shriek, he flung the silver down
Before their feet, and ran into the night.
The demons drove him to a wind-swept tree,
Close by the Place of Scull, a ghastly oak,
With branches like a dragon's outstretched claws,
A monstrous gibbet. There the execrable
Judas Iscariot destroyed his life,
And unclean spirits bore his soul to hell.

The gloomy portals of that hideous night,
Were slowly opening on the Eastern hills.
The trembling sun stood on the Mount of Morn,
In blood-red garments, shedding tears of fire.
A dismal cloud was resting on its brow,
And terrors flamed upon its golden face,

When it beheld the Mighty One who flung
It into space among the laughing stars,
Bound with unrighteous cords, in throes of pain.
Oh ancient orb, well may'st thou stand aghast,
Now widowed,—for thy bride, the silver moon,
Died, looking on Gethsemane and Him.
And durst thou roll thy chariot forth today,
To shine upon the cross and crown of thorns?
And shall thy beams bestreak the scourge which falls
Upon the shoulders, which uphold the world?
Wilt thou become a lamp in Satan's hand,
To light the howling mob to Calvary?
Creep back into the mother-womb of night;
Withold thy rays;—shine not, oh sun, today.
But spirit of the deep abyss, grasp thou
The chains of darkness with infernal strength,
And shake the terror-stricken globe of woe.
Ye squadrons of the pit: rejoice and howl.
Let Pandemonium reign and thunderbolts
Blast the eternal mountains from their base.
Let tall archangels grovel in the dust,
And seraphs scream with anguish as their King
Approaches that wild day in blood-stained robe,
Becrowned with thorns, and scourged by human
fiends.

Thou sacred day of darkness and of light;
Day of divine compassion and of peace;
Day of the tree accurst, and fatal cup;
Day of the olive branch and crown of life;
Hail, thou Yom Kippur, our redemption day,
We bow adoringly, and own thy sway.

Near by the Temple Hill, a palace shone,
Luxurious, grand,—built by Herod the Great,
With lofty walls and towers and gleaming roofs.
In this magnificent and gorgeous place,
The Roman governour at times abode.
With deafening yells, that drowned the fountain's
splash,
And drove the pigeons from the promenade,
The Jewish rabble, headed by their priests,
Appeared with David's Son,—a Prisoner.
With haughty condescension Pilate came
And stood upon the marble portico,
Well knowing, why they did not enter in.
They were befouled with every human sin,
But would avoid the ceremonial stain.
With folded arms, Pilatus viewed the mob,
And grasped the situation at a glance.
Their Victim's grandeur was not lost on him,
Nor the fierce passions of the howling priests.
And sternly did he turn to Caiaphas:
"What accusation bring ye against Him?"
With a malicious scowl, the priest replied:
"If He were not a Malefactor then
We would not have delivered Him to thee."
"Well, then, take Him thyself, thou Hebrew dog,"
The Roman answered with supreme contempt:
"And judge thou Him according to your law."
As a tall tower, void of foundation, falls
The haughty hierarch drooped, and cast his eyes
Upon the ground, and hissed with foaming mouth:
"We have no more the power of life and death."
Derisive laughter greeted his reply,

And Pilate summoned Christ before his throne.

Calm as white innocence and firm as doom,
Earth's Sovereign stood before His earthly judge.
Uneasy as a beast, trapped in a snare,
The Roman moved upon his golden seat.
With pitying wonder he addressed the Lord:
"Oh Victim of the raving Jewish mob,
Thou friendless, wasted Man: art thou their King?
What hast thou done, since so they storm at thee?
Say Nazarene: art thou indeed a King?"
"I am a King,—a King of Truth's domain,"
The Lord with solemn dignity avowed:
"And every son of truth obeys my voice."
The conscience-smitten worldling rose and said:
"And what is truth?"—but did not wait to learn.

Imperious he again spoke to the Jews:
"Oh scorned slaves, why hate ye this just Man?
I find no fault in Him; He shall go free."
A howl terrific, as from the abyss,
Where tortured fiends in fire, with blasphemy,
Rail at high heaven, sounded in response.
Malicious accusations stained the air,
And left a stench, as of foul, poisoned dung,
That made Pilatus shudder with disgust,
And drowned his clear-voiced conscience, which cried out
Against the low injustice of the hour.
The reckless, cruel, bloody Pontius,
Who formerly had drenched their streets with blood,
And never compromised the smallest jot
Of his prerogative as proconsul,

Felt cowed, and sinned against his better self.

Now furious hoof-beats sounded in the street.
A Roman knight reined up his foaming horse
Before the portico, and hastening, ran
To his astonished master with a scroll
Of sealed writing, which he kneeling gave
To Pilate, speaking thus: "Most noble lord:
Thy lady, Claudia Procula begs
With urgent love, that thou peruse this scroll
Without delay. Thy life depends on it."
Pilatus broke the seal, and paled with dread.
"Beware," his spouse had written: "Pontius,
Release this holy Man, for—He is God.
Last night I saw Him in my charmed sleep.
Upon the crystal carpet of the sea,
He walked in majesty, with splendours crowned.
I saw Him ride the storm and rule the wings
Of thundering tempests, rushing from the North.
He spoke, and all the earth bowed to His will.
Beware, my loved husband, heed my voice:
I saw the star of day in mourning veiled,
Like a pure vestal virgin in her tomb.
Oh Pilate, listen to thy Claudia,
And dread the evil hour, which must arise
From the black ashes of this monstrous day.
I saw the brook of Kedron flow with blood,
And the high columns of thy palace flee.
I saw thee walk in chains to Cæsar's throne.
If thou condemnest this just Man, my love,
Then dread the senate and Tiberius."

But the mist-shrouded spirit from the pit,
Named Compromise, had entered Pilate's heart,
Bewildering him with dense perplexity,
And blinding him with error's poisoned dart.
Entangled thus, he sent his Prisoner
To Herod Antipas the despicable,
That he might shift the load of this
Detestable responsibility.
But none may shed accountability.
Life's issues will return, and must be met.
His burden of decision, each must bear,
When Right and Wrong appear to claim his ken.
The wily tetrarch sent the Prisoner back,
And wavering Pilate was perplexed still.
Virtue and Vice demanded from him: "Choose,"
And though he tried to flee them, they pursued,
Forbidding him to take the middle course,
Which his blood-guilty cowardice proposed,
When he instead of justice offered grace,
Demanding choice between the Holy One
And Abbas' son, the wicked murderer,
And later proffered scourge instead of cross.
Sin raised a dreadful tempest in the world,
Which makes life's ocean perilous to sail.
No oil, but *Blood,* may calm its angry waves.
So blood must flow. The just for the unjust
Must die.

The furious storm of Hebrew hate,
Left Pilate stranded on the isle of Crime,
Where they bent the Redeemer's quivering form,

And scourged Him with their hideous leathern
thongs,
Weighted with jagged bone and heavy lead;
Where they put on His brow the crown of thorns,
And on His form the robe of mockery,
Deriding Him with vicious ridicule,
Which He so meekly and so calmly bore,
That the perturbed Roman in his heart,
Knew Him to be the very Son of God.
But Pilate, tormented by guilty fear,
Slew pity, justice and his better self,
Giving the Lamb unto the tigerish fiends,
Permitting them to crucify their King.
"On us, and on our children be His blood,"
The fallen race exclaimed with frantic rage.
The God of Justice heard this fearful yell,
And history records their answered prayer.
Loud uproars of malicious joy burst forth,

When Pilate spoke the word refractory,
Which gave the Sacred One into their hands.
Ye sons of Aaron, close the temple doors.
The Substance has appeared; the shadows flee.
Ye priests, abandon now the Holy Place.
No more let rams and fatted bullocks bleed.
Here stands the real Priest, the Lamb of God,
Prepared and ready for the sacrifice.

"Ibis ad crucem,"—and the awful Sign,
The future Standard of the hosts of God,
Salvation's mighty token was brought in.
His wounded back sustained its cruel load,
While criminals for escort, followed Him

Out through the Sheep-Gate to Mount Calvary.
Thus our sin-cursed world repelled the Man,
Who came to earth, proclaimed by Seraphim,
And the high God in heaven repelled Him too.
He fell, and Simon bore the fatal beam
Up to the scull-shaped hill, called Golgotha,
And weeping daughters of Jerusalem,
In sad procession, followed in His path.

Upon the summit of the fated Mount,—
A naked, barren eminence, abhorred,
Nocturnal rendezvous of beasts of prey,
Bestrewn with sculls and bones of wicked dead;
A place, unvisited by tender love,
A place where Iron-Justice sat enthroned,—
The cohort halted with their Prisoner.

Oh Hill of Horrors, thou art changed indeed.
Our Calvary,—eternal Golgotha:
From thee salvation came to fallen man.
Sweet flowers of bliss, are blooming on thy heights;
The sparkling streams of everlasting peace,
Flow from the hollow where the cross reposed.
Thou art the centre of the rolling world,
The sacred table, where the ransomed meet,
To greet each other with the kiss of love.
And thou, oh cross: thou ponderous, mighty beam,
Thou art the ladder to the Hill of God,
My plank of rescue on the surging sea,
The focus of my heart's glad melody,
The key that opens Zion's pearly gate;
Thou art the sword that crushed the serpent's head;
Thou art the scepter of the star-crowned King.

Hail, cross of Jesus,—in my final hour,
Be thou my comfort, and my light in death.

Be silent, earth,—and ring, ye golden bells!
The Priest immaculate, now enters in
Behind the veil of agony and woe,
As Mediator, with His precious blood,
Presenting to the Judge, His spotless Self.

The darkest moment in this world of crime
And horrid infamy, had come at last.
Barbarians, inured to their dreadful trade,
Approached the Sufferer with leering looks.
A medicated cup was offered Him,—
A stupefying potion, wine and myrrh.
The malefactors drank with greedy gulps,
But Jesus coveted another cup,—
The Cup of Doom, which just Jehovah brewed
For wicked sinners. Terror's awful king
Met Him, enduring every agony
With mind unclouded, tasting the foul dregs
Of death's fierce goblet with undaunted will.
Three crosses lay upon the scull-strewn ground;
Scorn placed the tallest in the fatal midst.
The ruffians closed upon the Holy One,
And rudely tore the garments from His form.
There stood the King, whose vesture once was light,
Whose robe was fringed with stars and glowing suns,
Clad only with a crown of piercing thorns.
They flung Him on the implement of woe,
And stretched His arms along the narrow beams.
A monstrous nail was placed on either palm,—

Spikes, forged by grinning demons in the pit.
Then with four blows that made the angels shriek,
They tore His quivering flesh, and He was bound
To the great cross,—together with our sins.
Oh what a dying bed, thou King of Kings:
Thy bolster scorn, thy pillow hatred's down.

And they uplifted the accursed tree,
With its dear load of helpless agony;
Tearing His hands and feet with deeper rents,—
Fixing the cross with a dull, heavy thump,
In a dark hole, rock-bottomed. Resting now
On four great wounds alone, rejected by
The solid earth and by the brazen sky,
Enfolded by the demon-peopled air,
He calmly prayed for the misguided mob,
Beseeching the great Father to forgive,
Pleading their dismal ignorance,—while they,
Foul deicides, continued to torment
Him with the insults of their boundless hate.

Jehovah's bride stood weeping near the cross,
Enduring fiercer birth-pangs than of yore
In Bethlehem, when she brought forth God's Son.
The sword was piercing her true mother-heart,
And wolves of grim despair, bayed at her soul,
While a new faith, a spiritual life,
Was born within her, who must lose her Son,
To gain a Saviour, with the rest of men.
The Dying One had not forgotten her,
Who bent in love above His infant bed,—
Though a relation, lofty and divine,
Had now transcended that, which formerly

Bound Him with filial ties unto her breast.
As Father and as God of Providence,—
As the Upholder of His creatures dear,
He there consigned her as a sacred charge,
With words of tenderness unto the man,
Who had been closest to Him here on earth.

The muddy sin-stream rolled beneath the cross,
With hideous waves of blasphemy and spite.
But while deep malice called unto the deep
Of savage hatred in corrupted hearts,
And found response in furious taunts, the King
Maintained His royal silence, eloquent
As holy light, when its first ruddy beams
Fall from the Hills of Dawn, into the pools
Secluded in the forest, where the snakes
And poisonous adders hold their rendezvous,
Revealing, frightening those monstrosities.
This loud and thundering silence of the Lord,
Terrorized the impious ones. In their souls
Accusing voices with upbraidings spoke,
And guilty fear struck paleness on their cheeks.
Suppose He was the King, the promised King,—
The Bruised One, of whom Isaiah spoke!
The air was trembling as a guilty maid
In birth-pangs with twin-bastards. Strange omens
Cried out against their crime. An undertone
Of mortal dread, pervaded the sad scene.
One dying robber, who had blasphemed Him,
When pain excruciating, tore his frame,
Hung chilled with shame, and stared in agony
Into a soul, dyed dark with wickedness,

Beholding at his side White Innocence,
Thorn-crowned and smitten, even unto death.
There, in the glazed eye of Christ, he saw
His better self, as in a heavenly glass;
Saw what he might have been, if he had known
The sacred way of life, and followed it.
A seeking, earnest glance from either eye,
Met in the vacant space, and Christ embraced
The yearning purpose of the robber's heart,
Where faith, new born, beheld the martyr-form
In Messianic splendour bursting forth,—
Forsake the cross and mount the thundering clouds,
And with a voice, as the vast, rolling sea,
Command the holy angels. And that flame
Of living faith, new born, leapt up and shone
Among the ashes of a misspent life.
"Oh King,"—he prayed,—"my King, remember me,
When thou shalt mount thy father David's throne.
I know thee for my King,—oh save thou me."

The Lord, whose silence was the trump of doom
In every evil conscience on the hill,
Now spoke in mercy, and without delay:
"Remember thee? Ay verily. This day
Thou shalt be with me in my paradise;
For faith as thine, I have not met on earth."
Defeated demons fled from the thief's cross,
And angels came to form his bodyguard
Up to the realms of glory, when his soul
Should be released at the appointed time.

A ring, blood-red, encircled the bright sun,
Which at high noon cast down its golden spears

Upon the temple on the holy hill,—
And poured its urn of splendour lovingly
Into the lap of the sweet valley, and
Upon the mountain's hoary, regal breast.
At the sixth hour the Levites blew their trumps,
And the red ring around the burning sun
Glowed angrily as the fierce eye of God.
A little cloud, as large as a man's hand,
But dark as Hades, travelled towards the orb,
And clung as a black vulture to its face,
And dimness filled the sky, and all the earth.
Grey twilight as a garment, wrapped the scene,
And inky evening followed in a storm,
That seemed to bear the gloom down from the heavens.
A thousand-throated wail was in the wind,
And living lamentations filled the air,
And shrieks and cries were heard from the abyss,
And sobs which seemed to rend old nature's heart,—
And the storm died, and it was still again.

Dread, fear,—black fear, fell on the souls of men,
And each spoke to his fellow in a moan;
And lightnings thunderless but eagle-swift
As flaming death, struck Zion's templed hill.
Half stifled sobs, the trickling of red blood,
Was heard within the terror-canopy,
Which shielded the three crosses from the gaze
Of awe-filled men. The whole creation groaned.
The birds flew with alarm to their retreats,
And frantic herds ran bellowing in the field.
But two bright spots were seen in that hell-night:

The angry eye of the eternal God,
Blazing in the red ring around the sun,
Which hung be-mantled with its robes of woe,—
And the white form of Christ upon the cross.
Effulgent rays shone from the thorny crown,
And living fire played round the open wounds.
And as I stand here on this younger Hill
Of new-born Time, gazing with deep desire
Into the chambers of dead centuries,
Perusing monuments of by-gone days,
I feel impelled to let the Holy Ghost,
Who undertook to help me with this scroll,
Enable me to fly on the strong wings
Of earnest longings through the murky cloud,
Which shrouds the Crucified from mortal ken,
For now thick darkness hides Him from man's view.

And once again the awful tempest blew
As the breath of the terrible Most High,
And thunder rode upon its rushing wings.
It shook the ancient pillars of the earth,
And hurled the rocks primeval from their base.
Avenging spirits scourged the raging main
With whips of lurid fire, and flung its waves
Against the sky-roof of the groaning world.
Huge Leviathan roared, and dragon whelps,
With lesser monsters, issued from their caves,
To hold their carnival with romping fiends.
Tremendous fire-swords cut the liquid gloom,
And a great cry rang through the universe:
"Woe, woe,—the All-God Pan, great Pan is dead."

I saw a cloud, red as a rosy shield,
Issue from the dark entrails of the night,
And linger in the space around the cross.
And I beheld my Lord in aspects twain,—
Appearing as a Lion and a Lamb.
One suffering form hung bleeding on the cross,
But the translucent radiance fled from Him,
And a great serpent twined about His frame,
Protruding its fierce fangs into His heart.
The frown of God fell on Him like a pall,
For all the sin of man from Adam's day,
Down to the moment when the world shall die,
Sank into his dear heart, and rested there.
With a loud roar the heavens blazed, and brands
Fiery, terrible, struck the suffering Lamb.
Jehovah's punishment for man's foul crimes,
In all its fearful terror, clung to Him.

But on the rosy shield which hung in space,
Vast, wonderful,—two other forms appeared.
One was the Nazarene, garbed in the robe
Of mockery, and with the thorny crown.
The wounds were there, but He was full of strength.
The cross,—a great, sharp sword,—was in His hand,
And judgment sparkled on its thirsty point.
The wrath of holiness, and the high power
Of the Omnipotent, shone in His face.
Before Him, on the rim of the red shield,
Stood Lucifer, Inferno's Paramount,
In hell's full panoply with lifted sword;
A lurid dragon glittered on his helm,

An adder sparkled in his ample shield.
He knew the hour had come, which God announced
In Eden, when the woman's Seed should bruise
His evil head. Wild desperation boiled
In the deep cauldron of his wicked heart,
And as a swooping tiger, he attacked
With might infernal, the almighty King.
But the great cross, swung by the pierced hand,
Shattered his shield and broke his poisoned dart,
And fell with thundering weight upon his head,
Inflicting the prophetic, fatal wound.
But falling to the quaking earth, he grasped
The broken sword, and stung Messiah's heel.
And the victorious King was then again
Asborbed by the frail, suffering form of Him
Who hung, a Victim, on the blood-stained cross.

And wilder blew the awful Titan-storm,
When the old dragon fell on Golgotha.
And a great cup, heaved by an unseen hand,
Brimful of venom and purulent draff,—
Accursed dregs of liquid misery,
Containing every pang of the deep hell,—
Came to the Saviour's trembling lips, and He
Obedient to the will above, drank,—drank
And emptied it to the last fearful drop.
And a weird scream, heard on the furthest star,
Expressive of the world's collected pain
Through all the ages, issued from His mouth:
"Eloi, Eloi, Lama, Sabachtani."

And the great task was almost done. The cloud,—
The heavy veil, which covered the High Priest,

While He performed the wondrous sacrifice,
Was lifted, and the sun shone on the earth.
Pale men looked at each other, struck with awe,
For they had seen a sign, and in their hearts
They felt a horrent condemnation sink,
As through deep waters, and they knew their sin
And its dire wages, coveted in that
Atrocious cry: "On us let His blood be,"
Had found them out. A deep, painladen moan:
"I thirst,"—was birthed by His febrile lips.
These bloody words fell on the fleeting cloud,
And spread a vision o'er its frowning depth.
I saw the fiery gulf of Erebus,
And marked the tortures of those, damned in woe.
I heard the cry of Dives across the waste,
From murky Tartarus' wild, storm-split rock,
Imploring Abraham to send the saint
With one poor drop of water for that tongue,
All parched in torture; and I heard this scream
Re-echoed through the long eternity,
By fallen angels and by fallen men.
That thirst, perpetual, Messiah felt,
When He passed through the atramentous gate,
Into the Place of Torture for mankind.
And I behold a vision of the world,
Moving through space, laden with teeming life.
I saw its struggling races live and die
And suffer. And I knew His awful thirst
Was for the full salvation of them all.
For yonder in the deep, unfathomed blue,
A glorious, spiritual city shone,
With gates of pearl, and walls of jasper stone;

With fields of living green, and holy streams;
With temple fanes, where golden altars blazed,
And rich, eternal melodies of joy,
Rang through an endless, blissful Sabbath-day,
And the good Father-God was all in all.
Christ's yearning thirst was for the sons of men,
That they might enter that prepared place.
But when He thus cried, thirsting in distress,
They gave Him gall and vinegar to drink,—
For such, beloved, is the old world's way.

And I beheld the gates of heaven ajar,
And asteroidal splendours rained and fell
In glory-showers upon His sacred form.
Unutterably bright, high victory
With beatific beauty, beamed and blazed
Upon His marred, tortured countenance.
And a great shout, the greatest ever heard
By human ears, rang from His mighty lips:
"Tetelesthai. It is finished. Father,
Into thy hands my Spirit I commend."
And the great light of heaven shone no more.
It died with the clear, thundering trumpet-tones,
Which bore His conquering Spirit from the cross,
Through the dark gates of death, to Paradise.
And then the earth began to heave and reel.
The mountains shook their hoary, snow-clad heads;
Primeval hills were rent by unchained might,
And angry forces lifted the great rocks
Of Golgotha, and hurled them towards the sky.
And the accursed city trembled sore,
As the ground fled beneath its shuddering walls,

And fire made havoc round the Sacred House
Upon Mount Zion, where an unseen hand
Tore the great vail from the Most Holy Place,
That common men might view the Mercy Seat.
White lightning blasted the sepulchral doors,
And thunders played their hymns of life and death,
Extolling the achievements of the King,
Who burst the gates of Hades, and set free
The souls of those, whose bodies slept in hope.

White-lipped, fear-struck, howling, ran the Jews
Towards the city from the Place of Scull,
Where they had murdered God's and David's Son.
And as they yelled to heaven, asking JAH
To shield them by His might, the Thunderer
Replied with flaming bolts, that smote them down
Into the dust, and spurned them in His wrath.
And thus the storm has blown the branded race
Across the earth, now nigh two thousand years.
And it will whirl them onward till they view
On bended knees, the bleeding wounds of Him,
Who died for their transgressions and for ours.

Slowly convulsive nature, calmed by God,
Returned to her old paths, and twilight ruled
The dismal scenes upon Mount Calvary,
Where sable Sorrow sat enthroned, a queen.
The pericardium of the loving heart,
Which broke in anguish for a fallen world,
Was cleft by a sharp *hasta,* that His death
Might be made certain to the cruel priests,—
And crimson blood and crystal water flowed

In copious streams. And as they flowed, the gates
Of heaven swung open, and the Cherub sheathed
His flaming sword, and a bright Seraph came
And beckoned with his palm-branch to the earth.
A solemn, melancholy train of friends,
With tears, collected on the bloody spot,
And tenderly took down His form divine,
Which loving hands anointed and adorned.
And as the westering sun sank in the sea,
They placed it in the princely Joseph's tomb.
Tiberius' seal shone threatening on the stone
Which closed the entrance of the sombre hall.
And the imperial guard kept watch
In doleful splendour o'er the Jewish King.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION

Oh Bird from Bethabara, once again
I bow before thy shrine, and plead thine aid.
Lead thou me forth, into the golden fields,
Where fruit celestial, grows on sacred boughs,
And birds of Paradise, their carols sing.
Conduct me first into the garden, where
We left the body of the Lord entombed;
Where Roman soldiers guard the ponderous seal,
Defying earth and heaven to touch the stone.
Thy flame now yield,—thou greater than the Nine,
That I may see the grandeur of God's might.
Our theme is more sublime, than any, sung
By ancient poets in their laurel groves.
As thou restored the fiery life to Him,
Which filled Him in the past eternity,
So fill my soul with thy pervading light,
That I may understand the great event,
And pay a fitting tribute at His feet.

The dawn, dim, nubilous, strove to give birth
To holy children of immortal hope.
Uneasy on its base, the solid earth
Was trembling, and the tearful sky-vault bent
With deep concern, embracing Golgotha.
Wild, piteous yells were heard from the abyss,
And darkness, deeper than Inferno's gloom,
Hung over Joseph's garden, and the tomb.

My Monitor, the Paraclete of God,
Uplifted me on soaring eagle-wings,

And placed me on Moriah's lofty top.
There, by the rays of one bright morning star,
I saw a pregnant, auric cloud descend
From the adnubilated realms above.
Strange, wondrous music, issued from its depths:
A rushing flow of harmony divine,
Which rolled, as thousand organs played to time.
The all-embracing range and scope of this
Air-shaking thunder-chorus was more deep,
And higher far, than that full glory-hymn,
Sung by the morning stars and sons of God,
When He created heaven and the earth.
A single heavenly voice, melodious, clear,
Controlled the pean of the hidden choir.
It sang the story of the distant past,
When little men and mighty angels slept,
In uncreated form in God's high thought,—
And the Eternal Three, one Essence pure,
Ruled in unspeakable delight and love.
Then came the changeful story of the race;
Its perfect cradle in the golden bower
In the fair Eden, by the Tree of Life;
And next the fall into azotic sin,
With consequences dire, and punishment.
It welled and echoed with rich, mingling strains,
Relating to my ears the marvel-tale
Of God's high plans with lost humanity.
I heard the master-notes of passion, power,
Of suffering, mystery, of joy and love,
In vast variety pour into space.
And the unearthly anthem swelled and grew
In glory, and it filled the earth and sky.

It shook the icebergs in the frozen North,
And the Aurora Borealis glowed
With smiles of gladness o'er the murky deep.
It rushed in storms across the austral sea,
And swept in splendour-waves into the heavens,
And surged around the burning throne of God.
And having baptized every lustrous star,
It sank in worship-cadences to earth.
The watchful Romans wandered to and fro,
With glittering javelins and with burnished shields.
At intervals, the gutteral: "All is well,"
Rang reassuring through the garden's gloom.
Then entered unseen, towering and sublime,
A spirit, with a huge, uplifted spear,
And took his stand, defiant, near the tomb.
A crushed and sword-hewn armour cased his form;
A cloven helmet hung around his brow,
Revealing a dark wound, as deep as hell.
Malicious, baffled fury-frowns be-gloomed
A countenance, where fiercest beauty shone.
With baleful looks he faced the atrous sky
And covered tremblingly Tiberius' seal.
When arreptitious Satan thus appeared,
The melodies etherial, fainter grew,
Like dying clouds of incense, fading to
The bannered roof of some cathedral choir.
The hater of mankind his falchion drew,
With matchless wrath against the heavenly King.
He knew the wondrous moment was at hand,
Predicted by forthtellers from of old.
Though crushed in battle at the fiery cross,
Undaunted by defeat, he came prepared,

With boundless ire, bellipotent to wage
War unrelenting with the powers of good.

One rosy ray of upward-springing light,
Dispelled the murky cloud above the tomb;
And slender Seraphs, mounting steeds of dawn,
Drew rein upon the Eastern hills, and flung
The gates of morning open to the Day.
Low rolled the thunder o'er the waiting earth.
A trumpet sounded through the halls on high,
And the Eternal of the ancient days,
Uprose in flowing garments, white as snow.
His eyes emitted streams of living fire.
His hair was argent as the shining wool,
And when He spoke, His voice was as the sea,
When tempest-spirits ride upon its waves.
The "Tetelesthai" of the Crucified,
Still echoed through the empires of the sky,
And the omnific Resurrection Word,
Was uttered by the Father in response,
Thus sealing the great covenant of grace.
Loud bayed the dogs of death in Tophet's vale,
As the irrevocable sentence pealed
Through the opacous regions of the damned.
The bodies of dead saints, stirred in their graves,
Heeding a silent call that came to them,
To form a body-guard for Him who slept,
And pass with Him in triumph into life.

And when the trumpet sounded from God's throne,
Announcing the new era of the world,
Imperial Michael, sovereign of the hosts

That vanquished Satan in primeval days,
Obeyed the call, adoring the Most High.
Twelve flaming coursers brought a car of fire;
Their prancing hoofs disdained the golden streets.
The cherub chieftain lifted high his shield,—
A signal cast to the angelic band
Of sworded legions on celestial steeds,
Who hailed the prince their monarch under God.
The heavenly Cæsar, clad in golden mail,
A white-plumed helmet shining on his brow,—
With martial grandeur mounted on his car,
Gave rein to the wild coursers, and sped down
Upon a bridge of sun-fire to the earth.
The radiant army close behind him came,
Sublime equestrians, worthy of their prince,
Stars sang, and suns leaped as young roes,
Inspiring the vast universe with joy,
When the etherial general and his train,
Dispelling azure clouds, passed through their realms.
The mountains bowed in adoration, when
Wrapped in the terrors of the thundering King,
Jehovah's horsemen touched their snowy crowns.
A triumph-blare of trumpets shook the globe,
And mists of holy fear, fell on the earth,
When the field-marshal of dread Tsebaoth,
Stepped from his lightning chariot to the ground.
Not unseen as the Lord of Ill, he came,
But crowned with infant sunbeams, Easter-gleams,—
And struck with terror Pilate's Roman guard.
With snarls of rage and blasphemies profuse,
Hell's monarch swung his ever poisoned brand,

When he beheld the tall archangel move
In solemn splendour towards the rocky tomb.
As shades of night dissolve, when daylight floods
The hills and valleys, so the demons fled,
When the gold-helmeted and sworded throng
Of warlike cherubs entered with their chief.
But the Destroyer stayed with proud disdain,
Defying the legate from the heavenly court.
As some high Hohenzollern, kept at bay,
By the united power of half the world,
So contumacious Lucifer maintained
His stand before the resting-place of Christ.

With guile he thus the angelic lord bespoke:
"Hail, servant of the Tyrant-God, who rules
By fear in slavish angel-hearts above.
Hail, former friend, and welcome to the earth.
When last we met, the chance of war prevailed
Against my powers on the Empyrian hills,
When I rebelled against the Imbecile,—
The ancient Ruler of the upper realm,
Still worshipped by His bondmen as a God.
I said before, the chance of war prevailed
Against my powers, when last we clashed in arms,—
But that admission, cherub, was too broad.
Did not the third part of the angels gain
Their freedom from His bondage by my sword?
And this domain,—the glory-crowned earth,
Is mine. So is the upper air. I rule
A god, omnipotent,—a rival king
Of the unmentionable One, whose slaves,—
Poor docile, paradisial lambs,—approach

To view the tomb of their Taskmaster's Son.
Their God is dead, by Satan's power subdued.
Then bow, archangel, worship me, thy lord,
And I will grant thee quarters in my world.
Nay more: His empty place, who's rotting there,
I give to thee, remembering the past,
When we as twin-stars, graced the fields of heaven.
Be wise, oh prince. I wait for thy reply."

A frown of fiercest holiness o'erspread
The countenance of the celestial knight.
A pregnant thunder-cloud with lightning bolts,
Hung tremblingly, restrained upon his brow.
Power-billows, nigh almighty, heaved his breast,—
Sufficient force to shatter thousand worlds.
The wily tempter felt the awful might
Of those doom-bearing torrents from the orbs
Of flaming righteousness, whose fearful light,
Lit up the gloom in his dark soul-abyss,—
The mother-womb of all the world's vast woe.
And his cantankerous brand dropped from his hand.
With voice subdued, the lofty angel spoke
In accents, which suggested to the fiend,
The distant judgment trumpet of the Lord:
"Christ punish thee, oh Satan. Blasphemer:
Fulfill thy destiny. Go and prepare
Thyself, infernal, for the ignivomous pool,
Where I according to God's just decree,
Shall hurl thee from Megiddo's battle-plain."

The exalted sovereign of the cherubim,
Stepped forward, and the awful blazing eyes,
Full of the pending fires of outraged heaven,

Poured terrors through the accroaching demon's
heart.
The furious soul-thief fled into the air,
And swept on restless wings to the far North,
To roam for forty days in icy fields,
Companion of huge monsters, and the storm,
Whose nightly wailings weep across the waste,
Bemoaning with loud screams creation's fall.

And now Eternity gave birth to that
Great Hour, of which the angels ever sing,—
The hour, when Life triumphant, conquered Death.
The glorious envoy touched Tiberius' seal,
And waved his sparkling scepter o'er the stone.
The ponderous granite fled before his gaze,
And glory, overwhelming as the light
Which shines in triple splendour on the throne,
Enshrouding as a garment the great God,
Burst from the open tomb, and filled the world.
The star-crowned Michael bent his lofty brow,
And the attending angels left their steeds
Upon the hills of morning, and fell down
In low prostration on the dewy earth,
As in a blaze of radiance Christ came forth,
Clad in a raiment, white as lightning gleams,
Flashing in majesty across the sky.

And once again the wondrous music came.
Bright Seraphs touched the golden, ten-stringed lute,
And offered homage to the Conqueror:
"Oh sing unto the Lord of Tsebaoth.
Sing unto God, sing praises to His name,

Who bared His arm of power, and smote the foe.
Be joyful, oh ye fields, and all therein;
Be joyful, oh ye meadows and ye plains.
Exult, thou forest-land, and all ye flowers;
The season of eternal life has come.
Sing unto Him, ye mountains of the earth,
And skip before Him, oh ye little hills.
Ye roaring floods, oh celebrate His strength.
Thou mighty sea, lift up thy waves in song
To Him, who made His chambers in thy deep.
Roll, triple thunders, from the Holy Hill.
Outflash His glories, all ye lightning darts.
In strength supernal, shines the holy King,
And He hath girded His high Self with power.
Thou mighty Potentate, forever blest:
The wicked pierced thy sacred hands and feet,
And angry dogs encompassed thee about.
The bulls of Bashan bellowed at thy soul,
And mocked thy sorrows on the cruel cross.
The evil builders spurned the Corner-Stone,
But heavenly Virtues hail thee, tried Stone,—
Thou UNTHROWN STONE—who shall prevail and crush
The thrones and principalities of sin.
Messiah rose and burst the bands of death,
Defeating Sheol's horrent Paramount.
Crowned with His amaranthine anadem,—
The chaplet of immortal victory,
The regal Son of the Most High came forth
To rescue the imbrangled sons of men.
Hail unto Him, whose glorious name is JAH.
Hail unto Him forever, evermore."

The Image of the Father, who prevailed
And conquered in Tartarus, grizzly Death,
And lifted from its base, bright Paradise,
That bordered on Gehenna's gloomy vale,
And sent it floating to the throne of God,—
Received the worship of the gleaming throng.
With benedictive grace, the pierced hand,
Conveyed His blessing to the kneeling powers.
And as they humbly bowed their starry heads,
He passed in azure clouds beyond their ken.

Oh Rushing Wind, we may not linger here,
Though glorious themes invite our reverent stay.
Blind Homer sang of great Achilles' wrath,
And Virgil of Æneas' high exploits;
Prophetic Dante told us of deep hell,
And Milton of the loss of Eden's bower,
But in the halcyon days the Master spent
On earth, beside the hidden streams of peace,
Before He mounted the Ascension Hill,
We could find subjects for exalted song,
Superior to the noblest of that host,
Who struck the golden harp and silver lute,
With skill, far higher, than the trembling hand,
Which now is fingering on the strings, may claim.

Those forty, tranquil days, a prelude form
To the Millennial Day, when He shall come
To reign with peace and equity on earth.
No Jew or devil did His stay disturb,
While He established His identity,

And gave directions to the chosen few,
And poured the balm of comfort into hearts,
That had been aching since the day He died.

Now come we to the Mount of Olivet,
The place where sacred Muses love to dwell.
A little band ascended the steep slopes
Of the old hill of visions and of prayer.
The glorified Redeemer of the world,
Was leading the Eleven to the spot,
Where they should see the open gates of heaven.
And as He neared the apex of the Mount,
A change came o'er Him, and His raiment shone
As the sun at noon-day. His countenance
Flashed, as the living lightning round God's throne.
With holy wisdom and with glowing love,
He counselled them, and that commission gave,
Which rings yet in every Christian's ear:
"Go into all the world; my Gospel preach.
Baptize the nations in the Triune name,
And lo: I am with you till this Æon ends."

And as He spoke, a cloud, altivolant,
Appeared in the illimitable blue;
And from its depth profound, was heard a noise,
Armisonous, of crashing shields and brands,
With shouts of victory and wondrous song.
Born on the wings of whirlwinds it rushed down,
Enfolded by the Shekinah of God,
And from its midst evolved vast myriads
Of heavenly powers: the body-guard of Christ.
Ten thousand chariots of the Most High God,

Ruled by celestial drivers in bright mail,
Eclipsed the sun above the little hill.
A loud, resounding thunder-peal rang out,
Air-shaking, from the hidden heart of God;
And the arcanic concave of the sky,
Was torn asunder by an unseen hand,
And men beheld the Capital of Heaven,
Rise in dread splendour, and albescent light.
Out from its portals rolled that wondrous car,
Which Buzi's son beheld at Chebar's stream,—
Spanned with storm-coursers from Jehovah's stalls.
Wheels within wheels, affabrous workmanship,
Coloured like beryl, glorious, with eyes
Of living, spiritual lustre,—moved
A superstructure, born by Cherubim.
Above their heads, a crystal-coloured vault
Rose, blinding, terrible,—a canopy,
Sheltering a sapphire throne, encircled by
A seven-coloured rainbow. Gabriel
In arms refulgent, as the blazing sun,
Guided the wild tempest-steeds, heaven-born.
In mid-air he restrained their downward flight,
Waiting, obsequious, the Son of God.
Messiah lifted up His pierced hands
In attitude of blessing, o'er His friends.
And as they raised their faces up to Him,
They saw Him slowly rising from the earth,
Up to His chariot, with calm majesty.
Then pealed a trump above Mount Olivet,
And the God-Man went up with a great shout.
The fiery chariots with bright charioteers
Of mighty, mighty angels, followed Him in state.

And as He led captivity in bonds,
Along the shining firmamental roads,
Intense fire-billows rolled across deep hell,
And shackled ghosts bewailed their awful doom.
On whirled the chariot with the thorn-crowned
King,
Ignipotent, absorbing the sun's light.
The storm-steeds roared with gladness in His yoke,
And lightnings leaped in splendour from His hand,
And all eternity was thrilled with joy.

Then from the inmost heaven, great squadrons came,
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, to meet
The mighty Conqueror of Death and Hell.
High on a hillock near the pearly gate,
Their terrible commander Michael sat,
In festive armour, on a radiant steed.
The Titan-Angel, in whose godlike grasp
The reins reposed, that ruled the coursers gay,
Before the car, where Deity sat throned,—
Cried out: "Lift up your heads, ye gates! And ye,
Oh everlasting doors, be lifted up,
And let the King of Glory enter in."
To him the chieftain on the snowy steed:
"Who is this King of Glory? Answer thou."
And Gabriel with thundrous voice replied:
"It is the Lord. It is the Most High God."
And thousand angel-choruses sang out,
With joy triumphant, in sublimest strains:
"Behold your God ascending with a shout.
Your strong and mighty Paramount ascends;
The Victor from the blood-stained battlefield,

Who conquered principalities and powers."
Then Michael spoke in pealing trumpet tones:
"Fling wide thy gates, thou City of our God!
Be lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
For now the King of Glory enters in."
The Empyrian glowed with lustre sevenfold,
And erubescent clouds rolled round the throne
Of the Most High, as the Almighty Son,
Appeared in triumph, crowned with victory.
And as He entered, all the sons of God
Sang Hallelujah, and the morning-stars
Rejoiced with symphonies that never die.
Loud swelled the anthems with re-doubled strength,
That moved the shining, firmamental domes.
And all the angels flung their glittering crowns
Upon the crystal pavement at His feet,
And: "Holy, holy,"—rang their thundering song:
"Thrice holy is the first-begotten Son,
Who rested in God's bosom from of old.
Hail unto Him, who in the form of God,
With sacrifice supreme, forsook the throne,
And became Man to save the fallen race.
Hail unto Him, who vanquished Death and Hell,
And took away the sins of all the world.
Oh clap your hands, ye people of the earth;
Shout, shout His triumph, all ye hosts of heaven,
And worship, worship ye Immanuel."

And Seraphs brought Him to the awful seat,
Where the Eternal dwelt in living light.
Oh break, my harp;—and die, ye solemn strains!
Who is sufficient to relate these things,

And tell the story of the God who loved
The world so dearly, that He gave His Son;
How He who is the essence of pure love,
Extended welcome to His best Beloved,
And clasped Him with the everlasting arms,—
Pronouncing with a voice that made the world
Vibrate with agitation, as He spoke
The high decree: "Mine own Elect in whom
My soul delight: sit thou at my right hand,
Until I crush thy foes beneath thy feet.
Ascend thy throne, oh everlasting Priest.
All power, dominion, honour shall be thine,
And in thy august name, all knees shall bow,
And every tongue confess, that thou art Lord."

Thus spoke the Self-Existent Majesty,
The dreadful Sovereign of the earth and heaven,
And Mary's Son ascended the White Throne,
And wielded the great scepter of the world.
But while ten thousand Hallelujahs rolled,
And thundrous peans moved the highest heaven,
He heard the mournful sighs that heaved the breasts
Of His beloved disciples on the earth.
His bosom swelled with yearning love for them,
And straight He called two angels to convey
A loving message to the heart-grieved band.
Majestic Gabriel, and that great prince,
Who fought the Dragon on the heavenly plains,
Were honoured with the embassy, and left
Immediately to visit earth again.
Far swifter than the human thought, they sped
Like flashing sungleams to the holy mount,

And spoke to the Eleven in His name:
"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here,
Thus gazing into heaven after Him?
This regal Jesus, whom ye saw depart,
Adored by angels, and received by God,
Shall thus return in glory with His saints,
And place His foot on yonder sacred spot;
And this fair mountain shall be cleft in twain.
His foes shall fall before His conquering breath,
And ye, and one man, greater than ye all,
Shall rule with David's Son o'er Jacob's house."

The angels left for their bright domes above,
And the apostles for that Upper Room,
Where He had offered the High-Priestly prayer,
And fed them with His body and His blood.
And they continued all with one accord,
In prayer and supplication unto Him,
Who is the absent Bridegroom of the Church.

Thou sacred Flame, by whom in Bethlehem,
I saw the Holy Child repose on straw;
And by whose guiding light Gethsemane
Became my goal, and later Golgotha;
Thou who shone in the Resurrection hour,
With greater splendour than the Easter sun,
And flashed—a Beacon—in the upper sky,
When He ascended to the heavenly throne:
Cast thy broad beams along the path, I now
Feel I must tread, impelled by thine own power.
Instruct me thou, concerning Pentecost,
And Christ's relation to His earthly Bride.

Now when the Fiftieth Day had fully come,
The friends of Christ were gathered in one place,
Praying with one accord and earnest hearts:
"Come from the four winds of the earth, oh
Breath,—
And breathe upon the slain, that they may live."
And triple thunder echoed Joel's words:
"I will pour out by Spirit on all flesh.
Your sons and little maids shall prophesy;
Your old men shall dream dreams, and youths in-
spired,
See visions of the Golden Age to come."
And suddenly there came a sound from heaven,
As of an onward-rushing, mighty wind,
That filled the mansion, where they sat in prayer.
Thus came the Paraclete with sudden power,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son.

And His appearance changed to flames of fire,—
Bright, lambent, cloven tongues, which sat on them,
And made them speak as the all-potent One,
Of the adored Messiah, that all men,
In every clime and every zone of earth,—
Though human tongues and languages may die,
Shall ever learn of Christ the Crucified.

And then as now, half-witted unbelief,
Incapable of understanding that,
Which comes to men in more than common form,—
The forces, high, sublime and wonderful,—
Began to scoff with low, malicious sneers:
"These lunatics are full of sweet, new wine."
Blaspheming fools continue till this day;
Their kind of bastard-intellect endures,
As well as vermin, reptiles, toads and snakes,—
Abominations, which—alas—remain.
But some perturbed, honest souls, cried out:
"What meaneth this? These men of Galilee,
Unlearned, speak the tongues of every land,
Announcing God's great works to all mankind.
And is not this the hand of the Most High?"
By honest seekers after truth, the Lord
Is always found. In answer to their cry,
The Flame of Diety, Essence of Light,
Dispelled their darkness, as the Man of Rock,
Filled with the high Interpreter, declared
The Gospel of Messiah, crucified,
And raised by God, the Conqueror of Death,—
Exalted to the throne of power, divine.
And in reply to their deep, anxious cry:

"Ye men and brethren, say: what must we do?"
The Spirit answered with authority:
"Repent, and be baptized in Jesus' name;
For unto you, and to your little ones,
Is the eternal promise of the Lord."

And the new Age of Mystery began,—
The dispensation of effective grace.
The Servant of the heavenly Abraham,
Had found a Bride for His great Master's Son:
ECCLESIA, the black, but comely Maid.

Awake, my harp! Sing of the Virgin pure,
Made dusky by the burning of the sun.
As martial Pallas, cased in heavenly arms,
Sprung from the head of Jove, by Vulcan's stroke,
The patroness of wisdom and of war,—
So sprang Ecclesia from Salvation's Rock,
Spirit-begotten, militant, divine.
Her loins were strongly girt with jeweled Truth.
A breastplate of impenetrable mail,
Called Righteousness, brought down from heaven's forge,
Protected her imperial front, and gave
High grandeur to her bearing in the field.
Her beauteous feet, swift as the mountain hind's,
Were shod with Preparation in God's Word:
The great Evangel of abiding peace.
Upon her arm a golden, full-orbed shield,
Called Saving Faith, the precious gift of God,
Shone like a sun with fiery, blinding light.
An eagle-crowned helmet graced her head,

(The word 'Salvation' sparkled on its rim),
Impervious, though the thunders of all hell,
Should roar about its splendours night and day.
Her right hand grasped a flaming, two-edged sword,
(This brand, the Spirit named 'the Word of God'),
A quick and powerful weapon to destroy,
With havoc irresistible, her foes.

In old Jerusalem, the martial Maid,
Shunning a while the field for sweet repose,
Grew as a rose among the stinging thorns.
But her exalted King would have no truce
With this world-system, and disturbed her rest
By overruling providence, in love.
The watchmen smote her with the heavy scourge,
And wounded her in Stephanus, her child,
Whose warning voice they drowned with rain of stones.
The keepers of the ramparts took her veil,—
The Hebrew garment that adorned her form.
Thus ravished, she was driven from her home,
But though a fugitive, Ecclesia won
New trophies for her Master everywhere.
Samaria and Judea owned her sway,
And when the firebrand Saul, opposed her might,
The tender Lover of mankind, who leads
The human heart as the swift watercourse,
From rocky caverns to the great, wide sea,
And guides its goings, as His sovereign will
Dictates in wisdom,—stayed the furious man.
The heavens opened, and the zealot saw
The Essence of creative energy,

The living Logos, a consuming fire
Of blinding holiness and doom to sin.
And the world died to Saul of Tarsus' sight,
For he had seen the living God revealed.
The darkness in his soul fought the true Light,
But Light slew all the shades, and he became
A child of Light,—the chosen instrument
Of God, to preach the Triune name to men,—
To Israel, to Gentiles and the great,—
And suffer for it, while he kept the thorn:
Ophthalmic weakness, a memento of
The Light of Life, which struck him in his sin,
And of the vail of spiritual gloom,
That one time hid salvation from his eyes.
And he was harnessed to the Maiden's car,
A glorious steed, smelling the battle's roar
In the far distance, coveting the fray.
The waiting isles surrendered to the King,
And Antioch saw His blood-red flag unfurled.
In Lystra and in Derbe burned the flames
Of new-born faith, and Asia Minor bowed
In low submission to the heavenly Maid.
Diana's throne in ancient Ephesus,
Was swept away before her onward rush.
On eagle-wings, she crossed the Hellespont,
And in Philippi, while the solid earth
Was trembling in amazement at her song,
She gained new converts for the Crucified.
In classic Athen's famed Acropolis,
And Parthenon, where chiseled beauties shone,
Made by the cunning hands of Phidias
And the immortal Praxiteles, she

Spoke to the sages of the Unknown God.
With wisdom, higher than great Plato's lore,
And eloquence of more exalted style,
Than uttered by the grand Demosthenes,
She called on Hellas' children to repent.

But the Destroyer, walking to and fro,
And up and down the earth, as formerly,
When righteous Job, the patriarch of Uz,
Became the victim of his cruelty,—
Beheld with rage, Ecclesia's success,
And armed his demon-giants to withstand
Her onward march, and sift her followers
In the infernal sieve, which God permits,
According to the mystery of his will,
The tauricornous monster to employ.
The Bride of Christ had entered Pagan Rome,
Invading even the imperial halls,
The very dung-holes where vile Nero breathed,
Rescuing precious souls from the foul mire.
Tiberius placed a statue of her Lord,
Among his other gods at Parthenon,
But she declared the risen Christ alone,
With His high Father and the Holy Ghost,
Is God in truth,—all man-made idols none.
With trumpet-voice she pointed out the sin
Of fallen man's apostacy from God,
Who made the world, and all the things therein.
And mystic, wonderful, her throne arose
In silent splendour o'er the Roman realm.
Upon her brow there shone a diadem,
More lustrous than the crown the Cæsars wore.

And Pagan darkness strove against the light.

The angels of the Most High God are near
His own elect, in many shapes and forms.
They ride upon the beams of mid-day's sun,
And kiss with tender warmth the invalid,
Whose wretched body breathes the air of spring.
They come in gentle gales at eventide,
And whisper 'Peace' to the poor, struggling heart.
They came to me in shapes of gentle birds,
When dismal shadows fell across my path,
And sang the song of hope, from leafy bowers,
And drew my mind from earthly things to God.
And I have seen them come in shapes of dogs,
With present rescue for the drowning child.
I saw them pass along the crowded streets
Of cities, in the male and female form,
As persons, unidentified, with help
For those in talons of distress and need.
The vail between me and the other world,
Is very thin, and I have seen what those
Of grosser eye, may never hope to see.
When flowers in springtime, break from underground,
The little cherubs play about my feet,
And sing to me that heaven is very near.
And in the autumn, when Boreas' breath
In chilly currents pass across the world,
I see pure spirits roam in wood and field,
To strike the hues of heaven on every tree,
Whispering in the breezes of the land,
Where flowers, undying, bloom forevermore,—

Where winter-storm and death may never come.

I passed into the Garden of the Dead,
To meditate among the silent tombs.
The sun was hastening to the Cave of Gloom,
And the bright evening star shone in the East.
But in my soul, I pondered on the words
Of the great Preacher: "All is vanity."
For here beneath a lofty monument,
Lion-guarded, lay the mouldering bones
Of one that was a king; and there beyond,
Within a nameless grave, the beggar's dust
Reposed,—and hungry worms fed on them both.
"My soul,"—I moaned,—"is this the goal of all?"
I felt a touch upon my arm, and heard
A mellow, re-assuring voice say 'No.'
And as I lifted up my eyes, I saw
A star-crowned angel guard the beggar's grave.
And he was not alone, for every tomb,
Wherein a Christian slept, was honoured thus,
With angel sentinels, invincible.
And Eurus carried their sweet song to me:
"Christ is the Resurrection and the Life."

The vail between me and the unseen world,
Is quite transparent, and I daily see,
What those of carnal mind may not behold.
Where'er I go, beside me day and night,
I feel a Presence,—a good, heavenly Power.
It is my Guardian angel, loyal, strong,—
And I have known him since my childhood days.
He bruised my cheek-bone in the day of sin,

And smiled upon me with encouragement,
When by the grace supreme, my feeble hand,
Performed a helpful deed of righteousness.
He frowns upon me in the hour of sloth,
And sternly points into the waving fields,
Bidding me labour, while it is called 'today.'
His sweet 'well done,' I love above all else,
And when my final hour shall come to me,
Floating upon the sullen stream of pain,
Or in the lightning flash from the clear sky,—
His hand shall stay me, and his wings upbear
My ransomed spirit to the arms of God.

My Sacred Office brought me to the room,
Where the God-hating reprobate expired,
With words of warning for the leaving soul.
He turned unto the wall, and spurned God's love,
And I beheld the holy angel flee,
And a stern, cruel demon take his place,
Cheliferous,—to claim the spirit, damned.

Thus angels,—good and evil,—visit earth
Invisible, or in what shape they please,
To minister unto the heavenly heirs,
Or—as apocrisiaries of the Fiend,—
To counteract the holy will of God.
The king of demons, prince of this great world,
The mighty spirit, who once regnant sat
Among the sons of light, but now discrowned,
Dethroned,—except where somber Evil stalks,—
Never exhausted, ever sleepless, roams
Across the earth, in shapes of man and beast.

Fool,—dost thou doubt my statement? Enter then,
With me into his presence-chamber, and
Behold wranglings perpetual, and strife,
Commotion, bustle, fierce activity,
Ceaseless distractions, bitter enmities,
Stormful convulsions, doubts disquieting,
Outlooks discouraging, and hellish war,
Delusions unaccountable, despair,
Virtue destroyed and throbbing misery.
Such are the works of him, the venomous,
The creeping One, devoid of innocence.
And as he once employed the serpent's form,
Accomplishing through Eve, the fall of Man,
So now he entered Nero's brutal frame,
And made him thrice the monster that he was.
He chained her faithful offspring, virgin-born,
To burn as torches at nocturnal feasts,
And bleed on the arena, torn by beasts.

Three centuries the Demon fought the Maid,
Incarnating himself in emperors:
In Domitian, Antoninus Pius,
In Trajan, Hadrian, Aurelius;
In Septimus Severus, Decius,
And finally in Diocletian.
He fought a losing fight, and his vast brow
Must wear a heavier gloom; the baleful eyes
Betray a deeper sorrow; for his rage
Reacted on himself and crushed his heart,
And grief-storms roared in the abysmal depth
Of his infernal, pride-besotted soul.

Tell, heavenly Genius, how in Carthage' town,
Two of Ecclesia's children suffered death,
And won the lustrous crown, which Christ bestows
On those, who suffer faithfully for Him.
Hilarianus, Roman proconsul,
Prompted by Lucifer, had caused arrests
Among the catechumens of the Church.
Perpetua, of high patrician rank,
Together with Felicitas, a slave,
Were cast into the dreary prison-cell.
The high-born lady had a little son,—
An infant cherub, a pure gift from God,—
Remaining with her in the house of dole:
Sweet consolations couched in angel flesh,
With heavenly smiles to lighten up the gloom
Of the cold anteroom of cruel death.
Sweet consolation—yes, but what a power
Did those small, chubby hands possess, to draw
The youthful mother towards the flowery path
Of beckoning life, with deep maternal joys,
And pure conjugal happiness and love,
In the ancestral mansion, where her sire,
The wealthy Roman senator abode.
A pinch of incense thrown into the urn,
Before the statue of the emperor,
Would save her blooming life, and give her back
To her old father, who was moaning loud:
"Have pity, daughter, on my ancient head,
And do not send my gray hair to the grave,
With shame and grief, oh child, Perpetua."
"Art thou a follower of the Nazarene?
Ah, shake thy head in negative reply,

And a safe path is open to his arms,
Who yonder stands with almost breaking heart,
Beautiful as Apollo, strong as Mars:
Thy loving husband, and thy faithful spouse."

Thus spoke the tempter to the youthful saint;
Spoke to her through husband, father, child,—
And painted life with rosy-coloured hues,
While he left thousand golden doors ajar,
Into the heavenly paradise of God.
"Perpetua, thy talent is thy life.
Throw not away that precious gift, but live.
Honour thy father, and obey that man,
Whom thou hast sworn fidelity and love.
And thou, couldst thou forget thy sucking child?
To whom must he, bereaved, cry out for care,
If thou dost rob him of his mother's life?
Dismiss this poignant madness and be wise."

She trembled, but a voice, a holy voice,
Clear as the trump of God, spoke in her heart:
"Those who love father, mother, more than me,
Unworthy are. Take thou thy cross and come."
She looked aloft. A gleam celestial, fell
From Christ's own countenance upon her face,
And radiance more than earthly, filled the room.
And peace-streams flowed unseen from Him to her,
And filled her heart with more than human strength,
And gave her power to touch the altar's horn,
And place her sacred child, her father's heart,
Her husband's yearning love, in the great urn,
The golden urn of holy sacrifice.

The mystic gates of Life and sable Death,
Are neighbors, as the Future and the Past.
Birth-Agony and Death-Pang are true twins.
Cease mirth and laughter, when the struggling Life
Is battling in the deep, below the heart,
And beating fiercely on the Doors of Pain,
Demanding entrance to the outer world;
When the foundations of the Mother-Life,
Quake in the danger-storm and bloody stress,
And the cold winds blow from the Gates of Death;
When in convulsive throes the mother gripes
The father's hand, her teeth grinding wild pain,
As heavy millstones grind the precious wheat;
When sharp, internal dagger thrusts prevail,
Driving the unborn towards the waiting world,
Tensing with agony the mother-frame;
When deathlike stupor follows, as the force
Of one, momentous, blood-filled billow hurls
A naked human babe upon the strand.

The mystic gates of Life and sable Death,
Swung open, and the angry birth-hour came,
Apparelled in a gown of dismal gloom,
And seized upon the slave Felicitas.
Wan grew her cheek; her breath came hard and
fast;
As an impeded river rushing on,
It ended in the cavern of a groan,—
A groan subdued, protracted, half suppressed,
But loud enough to draw the eyes of all.
A purple cloud spread o'er her noble brow,
As a red sunset just before a storm.

A hush as that before the tempest's boom,
Fell on her trembling form, while the fierce throes
Receded to replenish their lost strength;
Then sweeping onward in a travail-flood,
They crushed the girl upon the prison straw.
A piercing wail, a penetrating scream,
Escaped her lips, and died in a deep moan.
A Roman tribune rudely laughed, and said:
"Oh Christian slave, thou that now sufferest so,
Say, what will come of thee, when thou art thrown
To the wild beasts, of which thou didst make naught,
When thou refusedst sacrifice unto
The holy gods and our great emperor?"
Then while the throes subsided, she replied:
"Now I myself must suffer bitter pangs,
The fruit of human nature's fallen state;
But when the wild beasts come, the living Christ
Will be with me, and suffer through my flesh,
Upholding me with strength thou dost not know."
And she gave birth unto a female child,
Which she resigned with blessings to a friend,
Who gave it to her sister, and the child
Was dedicated to its mother's God.

The martyrs' coronation day drew near,
And they felt nearer heaven, as it dawned.
The earth receded and sweet longings stole
Into their hearts, and yearning prayers went up
Like clouds of incense to the Great White Throne.
The vail between them and the Spirit-Land,
Grew thinner, as the ponderous hours went by;

And they could hear the holy angels sing
Beyond the sacred stream, in Paradise.
And they saw visions of Jerusalem,
The new, the wonderful, above the stars.
Earth shaking thunder from the lions den,
And roarings from the hungry, maddened bulls,
Were heard throughout the prison, when the sound
Of a summoning trumpet split the air,
And all the faithful witnesses rejoiced;
For they heard through the trump, the loving call
From the far Isle of Bliss, where Jesus dwelt.

But when the band made ready to depart,
To gain their crowns on the arena's sand,
A cry: "The Prefect of Carthage," was heard,
And Marcus, husband of Perpetua,
And prefect of the ancient city came.
"Wait tribune," rang his stern command, "and thou,
Perpetua, my love,—come thou with me
To yonder hall, that I may speak with thee."
And struck with wonder, the young wife obeyed.

He closed the door, and lead her to a couch
And seated her. "Perpetua, my wife,"
He said with trembling voice, "light of my life,
Behold the signet of the proconsul.
I have the power to save thee, oh my love.
Our little Eros and thy father wait.
Come thou with me. Oh come away with me."

"My precious husband, hast thou power to save
The life, which I have offered up to Christ?"

She asked of him, and kissed him tenderly.
"And doth Hilarianus then repent,
And grant the boon of liberty to all?"
"No, darling, no. To thee alone the gates
Will open,"—answered he, "Behold this urn
Before the statue of the emperor.
I'll call the tribune. In our presence thou
Wilt throw this little incense on the flame,
And all is well. And it shall be my care,
Though thou remainest faithful to thy God,—
That joy and liberty shall ever go,
As thy torch-bearers in the path of life."
With a smile—sorrowful, but mingled with joy,—
She shook her head and said: "My noble Lord,
That would be treason to my Saviour Christ.
That must not be. I glory in His cross,
And sacrifice with gladness everything,—
Ay—even thee, my love, and my sweet child,
That I may gain that guerdon, wonderful,
Which thou would'st strive to gain, did'st thou but
know."

Then he to her: "Oh thou most beautiful:
Thou fairest of thy kind; my star,—my wife;
Thou glory, given me by Venus' self:
Must I surrender thee to cruel death?
The death of public shame? No, no,—ah no!
Not that. Have mercy, oh Perpetua.
Think what thou wilt, but throw the incense down.
Ten thousand happy days will follow this.
Beyond the Pillars of great Hercules,
There is a sunlit isle, and it is mine.

There grows the golden fruit, and nightingales,
The birds of Hymen, sing their tender songs.
There shalt thou reign a queen, and worship God,
According to the form that please thee best.
Oh come with me, my own Perpetua."

Then she to him: "Oh Marcus, yesternight
I had a dream,—a strange, a heaven-sent dream.
I saw a vision in a lurid flame:
A golden ladder, reared from earth to heaven,
And angels stood upon its sparkling rungs.
They smiled, and beckoned me with tender grace,
And I approached unto the starry stairs,
To scale with them up to the Home of Bliss,—
When, lo:—a fire-spewing Hydra stopped my pace,
And made me shun with fear the bickering steps.
Then from beyond the hallowed vault, I heard
A re-assuring voice say unto me:
'Fear not, Perpetua. Have courage still.
Tread on the Dragon's head, and thou art safe.'
The vision vanished, and I understood
Its warning import. Sun-illumined stands
The golden ladder now before my ken,
That leads up to the splendours of the day
Unending,—to the royal goal of man.
But deathless glory may not be attained,
Without a mighty hindrance, which the soul
Must overcome. Oh thou, my wedded love,—
The father of my child,—my bosom's lord,—
The source of all my earthly happiness:
As on the billows of a silver sea,
Majestic swans, like feathered poems glide

To vernal shores of sweet, idyllic peace,
So thou upon the waves of my young dreams,
In stately splendour, roamed by day and night.
And as the ocean swallows the blue sky,
And mirrors every star in its vast deep,
So doth my heart embrace thee evermore.
But oh, my husband, through this living love,
The Dragon seeks to drive me from the stairs
Of beamy flame, that lead into high heaven.
Oh thou companion of my nights, with whom
My blood hath mingled on the nuptial bed,
Misjudge me not, because by heavenly grace,
I am kept firm in duty's thorny path.
Were I untrue to God, and to the voice,
That speaks infallibly within my soul,
I could not be a faithful wife to thee.
Therefore, my lover, tempt thou me no more.
The angels wait,—and I will wait with God,
For thee and Eros and my aged sire.
For I have prayed for you,—and by and by,
My spirit shall rejoice with yours in heaven."

And the strong Roman knight broke down and wept.
But those were manly tears, and his old self
Welled from his trembling heart, and a new birth
Took place within him, and he said to her:
"Oh I am overcome, Perpetua.
Thy love hath conquered me, for it is strong
As the foundation of the grave, and pure
As the bright countenance of midday's sun.
Thou priceless pearl, thou glory, and my wife,—

At last I know thy royal worth, and I
Will die with thee, for now thy faith is mine.
Upon the golden ladder we will pass
Together to the Isle beyond the clouds,
Where the true God will meet and welcome us.
Thy foot is on the Dragon's head, my love.
Hail, oh victorious saint. Come, let us go
Unto the place of death to find our life."

"Oh Christ, my God: I thank thee for this boon,"
The saintly lady said, and placed her hand
Upon his head, now bowed in silent prayer.
"No, Marcus,—no, my precious husband. Thou
Hast not been called by Him to shed thy blood
For His great cause yet, and Eros needs
His father's care, when I have left this earth.
I hear the tribune come. Farewell, my love.
In the blest Land of Virtue, I shall wait
For thee. Be steadfast to the end, and I
Will stand upon the nether rung of that
Celestial ladder, which we know and love,
To welcome thee, when thou art summoned hence.
And now I seal thee with this tender kiss,
A token, which thou shalt return to me,
With new and holy fervency beyond,
Where Sons of God shall chant our nuptial hymn.
Farewell, my husband;—greet my little boy."

To be imparadised, Perpetua
Departed, and the mighty prefect rose,
And wended his sad, solitary way
Back to his widowed home, and to his child.

Few were his days, for a strong longing drew
His spirit from the flesh, and ten short years
Had scarcely rolled into eternity,
Before the summons came to him, and he
Ascended the bright, sun-illumined stairs,
And met his radiant consort, who led him
Into the bowers of everlasting love.

Serene and dignified, the martyr band,
Led by the slave girl and Perpetua,
Proceeded to the amphitheatre,
Singing of victory and holy peace.
A leopard and a bear destroyed the men,
And when their souls had left their tortured forms,
Floating away on smoking purple streams,
The women were exposed to a wild cow,—
A horned monster, teased and terrible.
Perpetua and meek Felicitas,
Embraced and kissed, when the cornigerous
And baleful beast appeared. Perpetua
Was tossed into the air, and fell disrobed,
In all her blinding beauty, to the ground.
She lay upon the sand,—a Splendour nude,—
Her only garment, dazzling loveliness
And holy chastity,—a Poem wrought
By Him, who made the woman for the man.
The vicious mob restrained their vulgar eyes,
Smitten by naked purity, confused,—
Fearing to share the fate of Actaon,
Whom disrobed beauty doomed to bitter death.
The ambient air let loose the gentle winds,
Who kissed her cheek, and called her back to life.

She rose, and fastened her dishevelled locks,
That she might gain her martyr crown without
The look of degradation or of pain.
And when she saw her garment torn away,
She robed again with modesty her form,
And hastened to Felicitas who bled
Upon the sand, the victim of the cow.
With mute, submissive faithfulness the slave,
Received a fatal spear-thrust, and expired.
Perpetua was pierced between the ribs.
She cried aloud, and placed the wavering sword
Of the young gladiator upon her throat.
Out flew the soul upon the crimson stream,
And rose from the arena, to the arms
Of the great King of Martyrs, glorified.

Thus the old Dragon lost a thousand fields,
And found it necessary to adopt
New methods to accomplish his foul ends.
As morning sunlight bursting from the clouds,
So from terrific persecution spread
The sacred power of Christ's Ecclesia.
The martyrs' blood became her fruitful seed.
And Satan, wandering through the peopled earth,
Rejoicing in the power of hell's wild gates,
Perceived their wicked strength could not prevail
Against the chosen Mistress of the Son,
As long as they employed but sword and flame.
And so the devil entered politics,
And has been politician ever since.
He summoned SIN, his ancient paramour,
(With whom John Milton said, he had a son,

A horrid creature, whose dread name was Death,)
And clasped her to his bosom once again.
She readily conceived and bore a girl,—
A bastard like herself, and its great sire,—
And called it 'the Ecclesia of Rome,'
Whom my high Guide, the Holy Ghost proclaimed
A harlot, to St. John on Patmos' Isle.

Oh what a conclave in that century,
The fourth in number, after Christ was born,—
Was held, when Satan, Sin and emperor,
Together with the new-born harlot church,
Determined to imprison Christ's true Bride.
Alas the day, when she was put in chains,
To linger in their dungeons thousand years.
Meanwhile, strong pagan hierarchs rose and ruled
With Jezebel, the empire of the world.
The mystic throne of Satan stood in strength
And splendour on the seven hills of Rome;
And the Dark Ages covered all the earth,
With dole and misery and bitter woe,—
And God kept silence on His burning throne.

Then cried the true Ecclesia in distress:
"Save me out of the mire; let me not sink.
Let not the water-flood and raging deep,
Destroy my soul. Oh save me from the pit.
From thy sweet presence cast me not away;
Make haste to help me, oh my Lord and King."

Jehovah heard, and spoke to the great Son,
Enthroned with Him above the Seraphim:
"Oh holy Son, one with the living God,

To whom dominion, honour shall be given:
Dost thou behold thy poor, afflicted Bride,
Enslaved by mitred henchmen of the Fiend,
By my permissive will, Prince of the Air?"

The Son arose, and took the golden bowl,
Which stood upon the altar near the throne,
Full of the living flames of human prayer,
And said unto the Sovereign Deity:
"Praise to thy holy name, eternal God,
Exalted Essence, Fountain of all love.
I saw my darling's misery and heard
Her prayer, which may not be denied.
I here present it to thy holy will."
To Him the Father thus: "Her prayer is heard.
We have decreed her liberty. And now,
Son of my love, dost thou behold that monk,
In the accursed city Babylon,
(Drunk with the blood of martyrs and of saints),
Upon his knees on Pilate's fatal stairs,
Where once thou stoodst, the Victim of the world?
That is our instrument; his heart is true.
Let him taste heaven's nectar, and thy strength.
Proceed, our Paraclete. Let there be light."

The Holy Ghost sped on a living ray
Of beatific flame from the great Twain,
And rested on the lowly, kneeling monk,
Ordaining him to his herculean task,
And whispering to him, words of liberty:
"The just shall live by faith,—therefore believe."
The kneeling Luther heard and stood erect,

A giant, feared by Satan and his hosts.

The pagan pontiff, Leo, named the Tenth,
Sent out a lewd direptor to despoil,
Through fraud-indulgences, Christ's little ones.
John Tetzel was the foul abactor's name.
The Church cried out for help, and Luther rose.
Fierce as Achilles when Patroclus fell,
He armed himself with God's full panoply,—
The very arms, which bright Ecclesia wore
Before she was supplanted by the Whore.
Forth passed the hero to the Castle Church.
His step was firm and quick, his eye on fire,
As he approached the high Cathedral door.
He struck a few resounding blows, and lo:
The Theses, ninety five in number shone
In their dark brilliancy before the world.
The world had been asleep. Those hammer blows
Awakened it, and men began to yawn,
And there was joy in heaven, and grief in hell.

And there was war on earth and in the air.
Apollion blew his bugle on the hills,
And sounded loud the battle-cry of Rome.
He saw the heavenly powers behind the monk,
And hugged with deep concern his paramour.
Intrigues were spun, and Luther's death decreed,
But the Almighty laughed beyond the clouds.

"Imperial leader of the starry hosts,"
Thus spoke the Sovereign of the Universe:
"Take thou that army, which Elisha saw

On Dothan's hills, when Syrians sought his life.
Another prophet is imperilled. Go,
And let thy radiant cohorts be his guard.
He is my instrument, and shall restore
The Bride of my Beloved to the world.
Let dark Apollion and his paramour,
Be foiled and put to everlasting shame."

The glorious Michael bowed the helm-crowned head,
And worshipped the Eternal Three in One.
Obeying his deep clarion call, with haste
Four youthful Seraphs came, to whom he said:
"Blow ye the trumpet on the holy Mount.
Let my cherubic legions gather there,
And follow me to yonder trembling earth."
With low obeisance, the Seraphic youths,
Submitted to the mandate of their chief.
The ringing trumpet peals were heard through heaven,
And as a thousand darts of living flame,
The host surrounded their titanic prince.
Wide open swung the gates of sparkling pearl.
A snowy charger, full of heavenly strength,
With eyes like lustrous stars, and golden mane,
Swift as a leopard, dreadful as the storm,
The glory of Jehovah's lofty stalls,—
Was brought to Michael, and the warriour leaped
Into the saddle with uplifted shield.
The constellations and the fulgent suns,
Bowed down with awe, as God's field-marshal passed,

And lesser stars skipped as the woodland's roe.

Again the gloomy master of the air,
Arrayed himself against Jehovah's might.
The outcasts from high heaven obeyed his call,
And spread their phalanxes beneath the sky.
The hellish archers aimed their poisoned darts,
And brandished thunderbolts in sulphur steeped.
The heavenly horsemen followed their great lord,
Who smiled disdainfully at Satan's power.
And when he saw the dreadful fire-edged clouds,
Massed by Abaddon, to obstruct his course,
And as he heard infernal thunders roll,
His lifted sword,—a signal to the Throne,
Where will and fierce omnipotence are one,—
Brought forth a tempest from the gates of heaven.
The angry breath of the Eternal God,
Soon scattered as light chaff, the Dragon's host,
And demons rained on Rome for sixty days.

The cherubic army came to Wittenberg,
And ranged unseen about the hallowed town.
Their high commander, lover of true men,
Remained with Martin Luther day and night.
And when lewd Leo and weak Charles called
The prophet from his home, to distant Worms,
To meet the Fiend, incarnate in John Eck,
The holy angels formed his bodyguard.
And when von Sickingen invited him
To shelter in his armed camp for fear,
His friend might suffer as once did John Huss,
Luther replied with confidence in God:

"Be there as many fiends in Worms as tiles
Upon the housetops, I will thither go,
And witness for my Lord before them all."
Ah, blessed Luther, thou wert safe indeed.
The King of kings bestowed a safe-conduct,
Which none could violate and none annul.

Loud fanfares flourished in the imperial hall.
The Hapsburg emperor sat on his throne,
And glittering helmets, and bright ducal crowns
Shone in the candle-light, and purple robes
Adorned high dignitaries of the state.
Bloodthirsty cardinals and fatuous priests,
Sat in the foreground of the gorgeous room.
And there were guests, unseen by human eyes.
The fallen angels, headed by their prince,
With arms infernal, thronged the spacious place,
Determined to defend their dear-bought prey.
Then entered Luther, the poor peasant's son,
With upright mien, his face raised toward heaven.
His eye possessed the lion's warlike glance,
And righteousness gave the imposing look
To him, that Peter had on Pentecost.
The tall archangel towered at his side,
A fulgid falchion flaming in his hand.
And with him stood the chosen veteran band,
Who fought with Satan on the plains of heaven,
And drove his armies from the Empyrian hills.
Facinorous Lucifer was struck with dread;
Yet bent upon the victory of the day,
He flew into the body of John Eck.
This incarnation made the Doctor look

As the identical Iscariot.
The papal legate, Aleander, felt
By secret impulse, which he must obey,
That now the precedence was due to Eck,—
And Eck presided pregnant with the Fiend.

With eyes, ferocious, he surveyed the monk,
And pressed him sternly to retreat and yield.
But the great Saint passed into solitude,
And bound God's perfect armour on with prayer.
"Oh Lord,"—he cried,—"the cause is thine, not mine.
Thou art not dead. Oh hear me, righteous God.
I do not trust in man. I trust in thee.
The work is thine. Arise, arise, and work.
Thou knowest I am ready to lay down
My very life for thine eternal truth.
My shield, my fortress, blessed Jesus Christ:
Be near me in this hour, for I am thine,
And shall through endless ages rest with thee."
Small were the terrors of the world to him,
Who knew the terrors of dread Tzebaoth.

Safe, resting on the glorious angel's arm,
He stood once more before the ferine herd.
And with his hand upon God's holy Book,
And with Jehovah's thunders on his brow,
While auric fulgor seemed to cover him,
He spoke with a clear tenor voice that rang,
As Horeb's trumpet on the burning Mount,—
Flinging Christ's gauntlet to the monstrous throng:
"The Bible and my conscience, I obey.

I may not act against them. Here I stand.
I cannot otherwise. God help thou me."

Surrounded by the shining host he left,
And Wartburg's walls enclosed him. Providence
Restrained him there in solitude, until
He had unshackled the pure Word of God,
That common men might learn the living way.
And Christ rejoiced, for now His Bride was free.
Pope, emperor and devil banned the monk,
But hell and earth combined, could never touch
One hair upon the head of God's own man.
Safe as a babe upon its mother's breast,
Was Martin Luther in his Father's work.
And Michael's legions guarded him till death.

On wings of darkness, the strong Lord of Ill,
Betook himself to Spain, where Loyola
Resided. And the Fiend adopted him
To be his son, and servant paramount,
And trained him in the lore of the deep pit.
The fallen cherub loved the serpent's form,
Since, as a snake in Eden, he destroyed
The innocence of man,—and loves it still.
A snakelike man, clad in angelic garb,
Is Satan's choicest instrument. Sophists,
Flagitious politicians, who for gold,
Frame evil laws, and juggling pulpiteers,
Who sell the truth, and lull men's consciences
To sleep with honeyed words,—have always served
The great Ophidian better than those fools,
Who know not how to wear a second face.

Ignatius Loyola soon became
As skilled as shrewd Beelzebub himself,
In all the arts of falsehood,—and his lord
Commissioned him to undo Luther's work.
As general of his new-formed adder-clan,
This human Python with the forked tongue,
Began to worm his slimy way, through his
Inferior asps, into high places, where
He coiled around great thrones, and spit his gall
Into the cups of princes, poisoning them
In heart and mind, against Ecclesia.
Then fell the Spirit Sevenfold, with fire
Upon John Calvin, and that king of men,
Who lived and laboured in the open day,
Heaven's splendour shining through his sacred soul,
Checked the foul cunning of Loyola's hosts,
And flung a fortress round the Bride of Christ.
The Monk of Wittenberg set free the Maid;
John Calvin fought for her, and kept her free.
And she is free in Christ, until He comes,
To call her to the blessed wedding feast.

A bondman of the great Ecclesiarch,
Who rules the ancient cult of Jupiter,—
A royal ruffian of the Hapsburg house,
A tyrant, of malicious, narrow mind,—
Was shot at Sarajevo by a boy,
A fiery lad, who mourned the grievous wrongs,
Wrought by the Hohenzollern's deputy,
The low-browed Archduke Francis Ferdinand,
Upon his Fatherland, free Servia.
The crime of murder may not be excused,
But let the burden of the guilt remain,
Upon the shoulders of provoking power.
The Hapsburg iron heel was on the land
Of Servia, the little peasant realm.
One half of these sweet singers of sad songs,
With bitter hearts, wore the stern Austrian yoke,
Made partly on a Hohenzollern forge,
And partly at the Roman Vatican.
The second Wilhelm,—kin of Sitting Bull,
Begrimed gunner of the Prussian house,
Dark scheming plotter of the Hunnish type,
Reincarnation of the Alvan Duke,—
Dreaming wild dreams of world dominion, grasped
His poisoned poniard, ready to destroy,
With dullard Austria, a free domain,
A sovereign state, for one wild act,
Committed by a novel-reading boy,
Though Servia bowed before the aggressor's throne,
And offered restitution to the strong.
But why this fearful lust for low revenge?

Expediency. "Der Tag," the wished for day,
When Prussian eagles would control the world,
And Wilhelm be dictator of the earth,
Now seemed to dawn. And what a pretext, that
Assassination at Sarajevo!
A timely boon, for which the murder clique
In Berlin, had prepared for forty years.
And so the carnival of crime began,
With all the demons of the upper air,
Assisting in the carnage to archieve
The aim of Prussia's roaring battle-shout:
"From Hamburg onward to the Persian Gulf."

Such was the foul occasion of the war,
Which now is devastating continents.
The real cause, alas, was human SIN.
The nations have rejected Jesus Christ.
They honour Him with lips and bells and play,
But spurn Him in their lives and written laws.
The devil's chamberlain, gray Mammon, rules
The legislatures, markets of the world.
The lust of men is recognized in law,
And God's great Sabbath trodden under foot.
Therefore, oh earth, He wields the flaming scourge,
And sends the murder-angel: fierce, red war.
Be wise, and dread the terrors of the Son,
When kindled but a little in His wrath,
Which some day shall consume all wickedness.

Lend me thy wings, thou everlasting Ghost,
Who brooded over chaos in the past.
Into the past, the long lost, hidden past,

When God spoke by His prophets to the earth,
Bear thou me hence, that I may find the key
To the dark portals of the mystery
Of the events that billow o'er the world,
In smoke and fire and whizzing, killing balls,
And run like iron-sharks throughout the main,
With death and havoc to the mariner,
Who plies his peaceful way across the sea.
Signs of the Times appear on heaven's vault.
Interpret them, oh Spirit, to my mind,
That I may lift my voice with warning sound,
And summon sleeping virgins to awake.

When I had uttered this short, earnest prayer,
I felt a cleaving brand pass through my life,
And it divorced my body from the soul.
My spirit, free, beyond the peaks of day,
Laughed in an atmosphere of bliss, and flew
Upon the crest of backward rolling years,
Unto the town of wonders, Babylon,
Where the gold-headed ruler slept and dreamed.
And standing near Nebuchadnezzar's bed,
I heard a voice from heaven say to me:
"Behold: the times of Gentile power begin."

I viewed the monstrous Image of The Dream,
With head enskyed, defying God and man;
And I perceived the thundrous clash of arms.
I saw the flash of swords, and heard the crash
Of clanging battle-shields upon the plains.
And I beheld the ensigns of the times,
Emblazoned on the banners of the powers,—

All beasts of prey: the red dragon and bear,
Ferocious lions and the howling wolf,
The bald bird of the mountain and the snake,
Fit emblem of the god, who rules the world.
The Gentile nations of the earth still claim
These biting, flying, creeping, monstrous things,
As their ideals on their coins and arms.
And I beheld Nebuchadnezzar's throne.
I saw him chastised, then restored,—and dead.
I stood with Daniel at Belshazzar's feast,
And saw how Nimrod's ancient city fell.
The: "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,"
Blazed with God-written letters on the wall,
And Persian Cyrus entered Babylon.
I saw his silver arms embrace the world,—
And then the fall of mighty Elam came.
The rough and copper-loined Goat of Greece,
Went forth to battle with the horned ram,
And Alexander reigned in Persia.
I saw the youthful victor rivet chains,
Of one great, powerful language on the world.
I saw the sensuous, stagnant, dormant East,
Sword-wedded to the young and virile West.
And I beheld the Imperator die.
The great Horn broke, and other four arose.
I saw Cassander and Seleucus grasp,
With Lysimachus and great Ptolemy,
The vast domain, and part it, and go down
In the appointed time unto the grave.
And I beheld the ferine, nameless Beast,
Dreadful, pestiferous and terrible,
With fell, edacious, cruel iron teeth,—

Fit symbol of the empire of the twins,
Remus and Romulus, Sylvia's sons,
(According to the fables of the past,
Conceived by her in the embrace of Mars),
Who, when their vestal mother had been slain,
Were found and nursed by a she-wolf, and when
They hungered, sucked her bitter paps for food,
And thus became ferocious as herself.
The Sabines and the Tarquins passed my view.
I saw Patricians and Plebeians strive,
And followed the Republic in her wars.
I looked upon the banks of Rubicon,
And saw how Julius Cæsar crossed its stream.
I stood within the Capitolium,
When Brutus struck the great dictator down.
I saw Mark Anthony depart in peace,
And followed him to Cleopatra's court.
I heard the battle roar at Actium.
I saw the world-looser and Egypt's queen,
Go down to Hades in each others arms.
I saw Augustus' throne rise towards heaven,
And mighty kingdoms tremble at his feet.
And when a long time later East and West
Divided, and the iron legs appeared,
I understood Nebuchadnezzar's dream.
The golden head, the silver arms have passed;
The copper loins and iron legs are gone:
Where are the feet? The ten extremities?
The empire, made of iron and of clay?

A mist of gloom enwound the fire-stained earth.
I saw the horned hordes from the North,

In youthful might, rush Southward on their prey.
I saw the Crescent rise in the old East,
And heard Mohammed's shouts of his one God.
I heard fierce Abder-Rahman's battle-cry,
And saw Martel, the Hammer, hurl him back.
I saw the pontiff place a crown of gold,
Upon the kingly brow of Charlemagne,—
And then a maelstrom of events ensued.
The earth shook to its centre, and the storm
Screamed o'er the peopled cities and the waste.
Centuries struggled in birth-pangs, lived and died,
While sombre Clio wrote illustrious names
Upon the scroll of history. And time,—
Strange, pregnant time,—continued to pass on.

And while my body still reposed in sleep,
My spirit roamed through space the second time.
I scaled two petrified Millenniums,
And came unto the Mount of Olivet.
The white-robed Teacher looked across the world,
And prophesied about the course of time.
He spoke about the holy temple's fall,
And the destruction of Jerusalem.
He spoke of famines, wars, commotion, strife,
Which will be greater, as the end draws near.
And as I heard the great events foretold,
And listened to the intonation of
That matchless voice of purity and strength,
My trembling spirit glided to His side,
And said: "Oh Lord, I see a vision drear.
I see a man of fiendish countenance,
With eagle features, and a wavering eye,

A spiked helmet on his dismal brow,
Stand with a bucket of red, human blood,—
From which he drinks,—upon the road of time.
I see him leer, and paint a milestone red,
Inscribing it with letters, black as death:
'My year,—my Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen.'
Oh Lord, who is this fiend in human form?"

"Well hast thou spoken, son;"—the Saviour said.
"Thou hast guessed closer than thou art aware.
Men of the earth, hail this brute, Emperor,
Wilhelm the Second of Germania.
They are mistaken. Wilhelm's cup of crime
Was full, and his dark soul was judgment-ripe
Ere now. It burns in hell the nethermost,
While monstrous Moloch, one of Satan's peers,
Inhabits that vile body which thou seest.
Watch thou this demon, and behold his acts.
Compare them with his record of the past,
When he slew women, and devoured the babe,
And roasted sucklings in the scorching flame.
As he was in the past, so is he now,
And I command thee: write this vision down,
That men may know who Wilhelm really is."
Thus spoke the blessed Christ, and I obeyed.

I saw imperial Moloch raise his hand,
And order his battalions to the field,
Shouting his humble motto: "Ich und Gott."
"Be ye as Huns; spare nothing,"—was his charge.
And leave our foes but eyes wherewith to weep."
And his hyenas entered Belgium,

While the atrocious Hohenzollern wrote
The blackest chapter in all history.
His brutal soldiers raped the virgin's flower,
And made chaste mothers concubines of swine.
They slew the aged grandsires with the sword,
And ripped the matron's womb,—and grasped the child
Ferociously, and brained it on the wall.
They robbed the storehouse, and destroyed rich art;
They burned the library, and laughed with glee.
His Zeppelins, those hellish birds of prey,
Rained death and terror on defenseless towns,
While submarines,—destructive iron-sharks,—
Assassination-engines, sneaking pests,
Symbolic of the Kaiser's mind and soul,—
Imperiled the free highway of the sea,
And sent the unoffending travellers down
With fiendish cruelty, to the cold grave.

Alas, fair Britain, thou didst stand aloof,
When Denmark bled beneath the butcher's knife;—
When Bismarck and the Hohenzollern king,
Despoiled that peaceful, little land.
Before that time, the monster was confined
To his legitimate domain, but thou
Permitted him to go to sea, and now:
Repent thou at thy leisure. God is just.

I stood beside the tomb of centuries,
Where I beheld the caskets of the dead.
And overhead a flaming sentence shone:
"He hath put down the mighty from their seat,

And hath exalted those of low degree."
God overruled the fury of the strong
In distant ages, and He is the same
Today, as yesterday, and evermore.
His judgments linger, but they will appear,
And His almighty hand will stay the waves.
The end of all things is approaching fast,
And when this Pandemonium shall cease,
And struggling nations sheathe their bloody swords
Some righteous retribution must be made.
A gibbet, high as Haman's shall be built,
And Wilhelm Hohenzollern's body hung,
That Moloch's soul may be restored to hell.
When that act of necessity is done,
And councils meet to mark the border lines
Of countries, old and new,—we may behold
The mighty Beast with the ten horns appear,—
The Foot-Empire of iron and of clay:
Autocracy, democracy combined,—
A federation of the Roman realm,
Ten ancient kingdoms welded into one.
The time is hid from us,—the Book is sealed.
But watch and pray. The moment is at hand.
THE UNTHROWN STONE is trembling in the sky.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION

Uranian Whirlwind, thou of Pentecost:
Blow, blow through that Æolian harp, which God
Uphung within the garden of my soul.
Bring thou the music from the Home of Song,
Down through the rushing cateracts of bliss,
Unto my heart. Oh thou Invisible,
For whom my being yearns: descend in love.
Come unto me, and loosen thou the bonds,
That bind my spirit to this mortal frame;
And let me soar with thee above the earth,
Into the regions where the Godhead dwells,
And where the God-begot is high enthroned,
That through His wisdom, granted me through prayer,
And born into my soul by thy sole power,
I may behold the unborn mysteries,
Which thou hast foretold in the sacred Book.

I lay upon the rock at eventide.
The air was stirless and the tide was high.
Red spears were trembling in the lurid sky;
Great fire-edged clouds had grown above my head,
Appearing like a dreadful spirit-host.
They massed on certain points like charging horse,
And under them an awful stillness reigned.
The earth, it seemed, lay dead beneath their pall,
And a loud wail was heard throughout the world.
Then spoke the Spirit to my quivering heart:
"The consummation of all things is near.
Sleep thou, and I will show thee what must pass."

And forthwith I was lost in charmed sleep.
My soul upon the wings of liberty,
Forsook the body, and strayed into space,
Where thundering voices spoke to me, and storms
Clasped me in wild embraces, and upbore
Me on their volant wings athwart the sky.
An army of strong eagles cleft the clouds,
And swam with me upon a golden sea
Of ether, round the burning orb of day.
Up yonder in the viewless air, that bird,
Who only screams on earth, sang wondrous songs
Of aspiration to the fulgent sun,
For near that luminary is the sphere,
Wherein it finds its true, primeval self.
Thus man, the eagle-souled, will never find
Contentment, lasting happiness and joy,
Except in his true province with his God.

Wild, wilder blew the tempest, and its strength
Hurled my frail spirit past the sparkling stars,
Where extramundane splendours blazed and soared,
And all was light, transcendent, holy light,
And ecstasy nigh overpowered me.
Then I beheld a smiling angel glide,
Upborn by one bright azure cloud, to me.
He lifted me, and pressed a golden bowl,
Full of ambrosial nectar to my lips,
And I was strengthened to endure the light
Of the fierce holiness which flows from God.
There, in those grander spaces, a new life
Welled up within me, and I lived indeed.
With my angelic escort I explored

The shores of an inferior, heavenly world,
Cast into space but recently, by Him
Who made all things. A soft, unchanging light
Pervaded it. Ten thousand architects,
Celestial workmen, built a golden hall,
And one supreme Grand Master on a throne,
Directed all their doings with His eye.
The birds of paradise sang in the trees,
Which bloomed in a great garden, by a stream,
Where living waters rolled in silvery waves.
And I besought the angel to inform
My seeking mind, concerning that new hall,
Which shone in festive splendour on the hill.

The angel said: "It is the Bridal Hall,
Where the Lamb's marriage supper must be served,
Within a space of time, known but to God.
For there are things the angels cannot tell,
Because they are in ignorance themselves.
But see: adorned with splendour for a robe,
The holy Seer of Patmos' Isle appears.
He will direct thee into deeper truths,
Which I would gaze into, but cannot know."

The sacred Sage with countenance benign,
And apostolic ensigns on his brow,
Came near to me, and took my trembling hand,
And spoke in accents, sweeter than the breeze,
That kissed the skylark in the morning air:
"Oh son of earth, from whence I also came,—
What seekest thou here in the Spirit's realm?"
"Light, holy prophet,"—I replied with awe:

"Light on those mysteries, which I beheld
As glories piled on glories in thy Book,
The great Apocalypse." A humble smile
Spread o'er his features. Sweet and low his voice
Spoke to my heart in love the second time:
"Oh child of man, thy aim indeed is great,
But blest are they that seek for they shall find;
And the Eternal Ruach, thy high Guide,
Through me to thee, shall glorify the truth.
Prepare thy soul, and follow me beyond."
Obedient to his word I laved my soul
In earnest prayer, at the rich stream of life.
And things were not as they had been before,
For limitless is glory in the heavens.

I sailed upon a rolling sea of light.
It surged,—it tossed me high and brought me low,
And splendour strove with splendour under me,
And wings of thousand angels stirred the air.
Strange whispers shook my trembling soul with awe,
And eyes looked through me; every thought lay bare.
Alas,—I was the only darkness there.
Then awful bursts of wondrous music, came
On rushing pinions, jubilant and clear,
Strange, manifold, enchanting, rapturous.
On they swept,—past above and under me,
Until they fainter grew, and died in space.
Then others came,—and more majestic still.
Some rolled in thunder as the wrath of heaven,
Or wheels of supramundane chariots.
Some rang from brazen throats of angel trumps,
And some as thousand harps in one great choir.

And sweet Seraphic voices pealed a chant,
That shook the dome of the eternal sky.

Then a great voice, that filled the world, cried out:
"Come up hither, and I will show thee things,
Which soon must come to pass on earth below."
And I was caught on wings of living flame,
And whirled aloft in the great Shade's embrace.
And in the vastness I beheld a door,
Wide open, radiating softest light,
Which flowed unchanging as a Welcome-Stream.
As twin-bolts of flash-lightning we sped on,
Until we came unto the awful place,
Where glory lives, and splendours never die.

I looked towards the sun, and it was black,
Compared with the great brightness of the place,
Where He "the Light," the Source of all, is throned.
And I saw temples, palaces, abodes,
With spires, that pierced beyond my strengthened ken.
A blaze of gems, a flash of crystal shone,
Through the pure glory, which forever rolls
Like a wild sea, around the realm divine.
I walked beneath the fragrant trees of life,
And voices spoke to me from every leaf;
And there was air,—vivific, luculent,—
That blew about the warbling notes of song,
And music, such as earth has never heard.

I saw an angel with a star-set head,
That pierced the firmament of the new sky,

Who looked into the arching vaults above,
With loving rapture mirrored in his gaze.
With a strong voice, resounding like the main,
When tempest-spirits ride upon its waves,
He summoned thus his holy underlings:
"Lift up the gates, and open wide the doors,
And let the earth-born enter and behold."
Back rolled the gates, and open swung the doors,
With ponderous sound, that awed my inmost soul;
And I was swept into the Place of Life,
Where the Eternal Essence ever dwells,
From which all life and being has its source.

I stood within the radiant hall of God,
With thrones and altars and with fountains clear.
And music welled from unseen instruments,
About the spaces of the blissful courts.

The holy Seer from the Isle of Dreams,
Fell down before the altar and adored,
And called upon theandric Deity:
"Oh living Logos, uncreated God;
Oh Ruler of all worlds, and Source of all;
Deific Splendour, manifest in flesh;
Thou Holder of the sword of destiny;
Thou Womb, in whom the thousand fates are born;
Oh Law, Fulfiller of the law itself,
And Keeper of the fiery judgment-sword;
Thou Son of the Most High, thou Wisdom pure:
I bring a Child of Man unto thy throne,
Sent by the Spirit, who proceeds from thee,
And from the living Father, God of all.

Teach him, oh Truth Eternal, thy full truth.
Descend, oh Christ. Descend, thou God-begot."

Thus prayed the sacred Sage with lifted hands,
And a dense silence filled all space, and crept
Into my soul, and cried and wailed aloud;
And I perceived what 'thundering silence' meant.
Distress o'ercame me, for I felt impure,
As filthy gold within a crucible.
Pure spirits in the stillness searched my heart,
And cleansed it in the flames of holiness.
And I moaned out: "Oh Christ, be with me now;"
For dreadful was the moment, as the hour
Of mystic death, or as the time of birth,—
And o'er me played the shuttles of them both.

Then I was lifted by an unseen power.
I felt a touch, as of a tender hand,
And I beheld a cloud of rosy hue,
Pregnant with glory-lightnings, rest above
A Great White Throne, near by an altar, where
The fragrant incense burned, and thunders spoke.
And from the cloud, a clarion voice pealed out:
"Depart, ye Cherubim and Seraphim.
Here leave me with the seeking child of earth,
And my great lover, who conducted him."
Obedient the bright spirits, rutilant,
Bowed to the golden pavement, and adored,
And leaped like sunbeams from our presence hence.

Again I heard the matchless, heavenly voice.
It spoke to me in accents, mild and low,

Which fell upon me as a maiden's kiss,
Or as the laughter of a holy child,
With touching force, as of a mother's love:
"Oh servant, saved by my atoning blood,
And born again, into the life divine,
Adopted by my grace,—what seekest thou
Here in the place, where sinners may not come,
Unless they pass the bloody wave, which flows
With cleansing, from the Cross of Calvary?
Speak, Child of Man. Fear not, thy King doth hear."

I prayed with trembling voice: "Oh gracious Lord,
I fain would drink from wisdom's sparkling well,
And touch the flowers that bloom in Paradise.
And I would know the hidden fate of earth,
And grasp the mysteries of that great Book,
Which God revealed to thee, and thou to him,
Who kneels beside me as thy supplicant,—
And Lord and Master: I would see thy face."

Again I heard the low and tender voice,
With soothing sweetness answer me in love:
"Thy prayer, my servant, I have granted thee;
For it was I who drew thee from the earth,
That I might teach thee wisdom face to face.
And wouldst thou know the secrets of the world?
Then know that they are hidden here in me.
Look thou into the book of nature's soul,
And it will teach thee of my hidden ways.
The changing moon proclaims the power of Him,
Who is unchangeable forevermore;

And in the storms that blow across the sea,
And in the thundrous turmoil of the sky,
When lightnings split the vaulted roof of heaven,
Thou hearest me, thy Sovereign and thy King,
Announce God's high omnipotence to men.
And hearest thou the warbling bird of spring,
And seest thou the precious flowers bloom,
And dost thou stand amazed when starlight sheds
Its thousand benedictions upon thee?
I am in flower, bird and silver star,
And they, rejoicing, bring my smile to thee.
I laid the firm foundation of the earth,
And shut the sea out with strong doors of rock;
And it was I who gave it swaddling bands,
Of darkness dense, in the far distant past.
The treasures of the snow and rugged hail,
Are in my armory against the day,
When conflict and tumultuous war shall come.
And I sent forth the hoary frost that binds
The boisterous billows of the angry main,
Making the floods like unto granite stone.
I founded Hades in the gulf of woe,
And fathered ocean's hidden wonder-springs.
I placed the fiery bit in lightning's mouth,
And made the road where furious thunders roll.
It was my hand that loosed Orion's bands,
And bound the Pleiades with silver chains.
I fashioned golden castles for the Light,
And made the halls where Darkness reigns a queen.
I speak, and morning dawns upon the earth,
And dayspring issues from the womb of night.
I lift my hands and scatter rain and dew,

That tender herbs may grow and lilies bloom.
Read, Child of Man,—thou seest everywhere
My footprints, and behold my hand of power.
And thou art wise indeed, to seek me here,
For I love those who seek me;—they shall find.
And thou dost seek to know the future things?
Roll back, ye gates, that hide the coming day.
Shine, heavenly light. Thou seeking one: behold!"

And I beheld an open door in heaven.
I looked into a space of darkest night.
The stars had vanished, and the sun was dead,
And blood in rivers streamed from the pale moon.
A great and universal cry uprose
From chaos, and it gripped the throne of God.
And denser grew the darkness,—yet more dense.
Now bars of ruddy flame, fell on the gloom,
And perished in the vast embrace of night.
Now threads of silver by an unseen hand,
Were spun around the black expanse that filled
The nether universe, occluding light.
Then a loud thunder-peal was heard, and night,
Fearsmitten, fled before the conquering day.
For it was day, and I beheld the earth,
From the high mountain where God's temple stood.
One, like unto a perfect Son of Man,
Descended to the lower realm, where I
In Paradise, had seen the bridal hall,
Constructed for the Son's Ecclesia.
I saw Him mount upon a golden throne,
And lift a scepter with the pierced hand;
And I beheld the human race on earth.

They swore and cursed; they murdered and they slew;
They lived like fiends, and spurned the judgment day.
When gospel messengers proclaimed His truth,
They sneered and said: "Your fabled God is dead."
But by the tombs of saints, bright angels stood,
Watching with eager eyes the massing clouds.
Then as Christ lifted up His sceptred hand,
The graves burst open, and the righteous dead
Arose, and met their Sovereign in the air,
Where glorious bodies clasped the shining souls.
And there was turmoil on the earth, for those,
Possessing the new life, were changed, and swept
Into the sweet Parousian realms above.
And howling fools ran here and there to seek
The glorified, but they could not be found.
The bodies of the wicked dead slept on,
While the Millennium rolled across the world,
Their spirits wailing in the deep abyss.

And I beheld a gathering in the clouds.
All stood before the judgment bar of Christ,
And all were saved, but few received a crown.
I saw three men of nearly equal height:
John Calvin, Martin Luther and St. Paul,
Conducted by archangels in advance
Of all the ransomed, to the golden throne.
In accents burdened with the tenderest love,
The heavenly Monarch spoke, and said to them:
"Oh tried pillars of my spotless Church,
Kings of celestial nations,—glorious three:

The choicest crowns of my entire domain,
I place upon your brows, as a reward
Of that high faithfulness, wherewith ye served
Me in the days of warfare, on the earth.
Well done, my noble servants. Enter in,
And partake of the joy, which never ends."
In passed the throng; the last became the first,
And those believers, who had served themselves
In selfishness, became the last of all.
The bridal hall was full, and a sweet song
From ransomed lips, swelled throughout Paradise,
And angels smiled in silence and adored.
I saw and heard, and turned to other sights,
For now the bridal hall appeared no more.
The great Parousia lasted seven years,
But I was with the Godhead on the hill,
And gathered to the bosom of pure love.

And I beheld again the open door,
And looked into a space of darkest gloom.
And I beheld the monstrous night give birth
To a great city in the lower air.
The walls were built of blackness and the towers
Erected of hard, petrified flame.
The spires pierced up, defiant to the sky,
And flame and blackness changed continually.
I saw gnarled trees, that rustled with a wail.
The heavy air blew sobbing notes of woe.
I heard discordant music and wild song,
The theme of which was blasphemy and grief.
And I knew Milton was mistaken, when
He thought he saw the devil's throne in hell.

The Godhead on the hill revealed to me,
Lucifer's capital high in the air.
And there I saw the haughty Prince of Fear,
In armour, dark as Hades, mount his seat,
Built of the scull-bones of dead hypocrites.
His eyes blazed with maliciousness and rage,
And all his fierce, infernal strength shone forth,
When as a tower of terror he arose,
And called the fallen demon hosts to arms:
"Come hither, devilish crew,—nefandous herd,
And listen to my voice, ye caitiff slaves.
The Tyrant yonder, cleansed His dunghill world,
And drew the rotten carcasses aloft,
And changed a multitude of living serfs,
Enabling them to breathe the upper air.
The rest is left to me,—and now, ye hounds,
Ye fallen swine, who dropped from heaven's vale,—
Ye sluggish imps: bestir your coward souls,
And dip your fiery darts in venomed gall.
To arms, ye fiends. Ye demons, grasp the spear.
Down to the earth. Slay, poison, starve and stab.
Let famine reign from North to South, and flame,
With anarchy, from East to West prevail.
Come, hungry Death: I'll gorge thy pining maw.
And thou, stark naked, rotten Sin: go forth,
Stir up the boiling cauldron, and seduce
The race accurst, and draw them down to hell.
Thou Hohenzollern hound, once emperor,
Now fiend,—disowned by nether hell itself:
Come, horned villain, I will honour thee.
Go forth, child-killer, feast on human blood.
Be thou the captain of my vilest gang.

Thou hast experience. Harass earth again.
Still, I must make thee take a second place.
I have my chosen vessel in the flesh,
The Antichrist, true image of myself.
He shall burlesque the Jewish maiden's Son,
And bring more misery to human kind,
Than they have known since light shone on them first.
To arms, ye ghouls, embrue your monstrous claws,
And turn the earth into a charnel-house."
The horrid crew obeyed, and woe to men,
For the great Dragon is come down to them,
And he is full of wrath, because he knows
His time is short, and he must perish soon.

Then as a flaming thunderbolt uprose
The chieftain Michael from his lofty seat,
Close by the throne of the dread Three in One.
And as he rose, deep thunders spoke to him,
Strange, mystic words I could not comprehend.
And I beheld him draw his flaming brand,
And sweep to the infernal site below.
High in the air, above the dreadful town,
He stayed his flight, and brandished thrice his sword,
And I beheld the mighty city fall,
And crumble into flakes of lurid fire.
And I perceived a sound as of great worlds,
Hurled down the ancient cataracts of time.
The seventieth week of Daniel had begun.
I shuddered, and fell moaning to the ground.

Once more I gazed from the eternal hill,
Through the wide open door that was in heaven,
And I beheld the peopled earth below,
Enshrouded in a mist, dark, ominous.
Then in the erubescent East, the sun
Arose, and it shed heavy tears of blood.
I heard a wailing rise from woods and plains,
And the great sea responded with a moan.
The hoary mountains trembled on their base,
And terror sighed in every man's abode.
I looked away. My soul was tempest-torn;
For I was grieved because of the old earth.
"Oh Lord,"—I cried, "oh Lord, be merciful,
And slow in thy fierce anger towards mankind."
For well I knew the wild, portentous signs,
Meant death and havoc to the sinful race.
But a great voice pealed out: "Look thou at heaven."
And I beheld again the Great White Throne,
The Dais of Power, on which the Godhead sat.
An emerald-sparkling rainbow circled round
The awful seat. Four living Cherubim
Of strange, fantastic shapes, stood on a sea
Of shining crystal, singing praise to Him
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.
And I saw four and twenty elders crowned
With gold, and clad in raiment pure and white,
Together with the Cherubim rejoice
In Him, who for His pleasure made all things.
And I beheld the seven-sealed Book,
Within the grasp of the enthroned King,
And heard a mighty angel cry aloud,
That only Judah's Lion, David's Root,

Might open that dread volume to the world.
And harps were sounding through the halls of God,
And golden vials poured before the throne,
And the exalted saints and Cherubim,
Adored the crucified and risen Lamb.

The 'Agnus Dei' broke the primal seal,
And I perceived a noise of thunder peals.
A Seraph said to me: "Come, and behold."
But first I turned to the great Seer, who
With countenance benign, stood at my side,
And said: "Oh holy one, have I not read
These wondrous things in thy Apocalypse?"
He nodded, and replied with reverent awe:
"Be silent thou, and let the Spirit show
The import of the wonders that thou seest."

And while the thunders spoke, I looked on earth,
And I beheld a godlike one astride
A snowy courser, and he held a bow.
He came out of the Revolution sea,—
The ocean of unorganized men.
One seer saw him as "the little horn,"
Which had a mouth that uttered blasphemies.
He came a peaceful conqueror, and gained
The crown of Rome, re-organized without
The drawing of the bloody sword of war.
And he was emperor of the domain,
Compounded by the iron and the clay,
And ruled a chief, among ten other "horns."
I saw him covenant with Israel,
And they were made a nation once again.

Their holy temple shone on Zion's hill.
Their law was read, and sacrifices bled,
And they were satisfied a little while.

But other riders crossed the heaving earth.
One, clad in scarlet, sat on a red horse,—
A torvous giant, wild, ensiferous.
His name was 'War,' and he destroyed all peace.
He shouted on the mountains, and mankind
Rushed into battle, and esurient gholes
Yelled with delight, and feasted on the dead.
Then followed one, on a black, horrid steed,
With scales and measures in his claw-like hand.
His name was 'Famine,' and he starved the world.
I saw another on a yellow horse.
His name was 'Death,' and Tophet followed him.
An earthquake shook the globe, and anarchy,
With great upheavals, ruled and tore the race.
The stars of heaven,—mighty rulers,—fell,
As figs, untimely, shaken by the wind.
Black as the hairy sackcloth burned the sun,
And the chaste planet, who presides at night,
Sanguifluous, strove with the flying clouds.
The mountain-world-powers, and the islands fled,
And heaven was rolled together like a scroll.
The kings and emperors and mighty men,
Ran to the caves, and cried unto the rocks:
"Oh fall upon us; hide us in the dust;
For terrible is He upon the Throne.
We were not wise, and now the Day of Wrath,—
The dreadful day,—is on us; who can stand?"

Then I beheld infernal winds restrained
From blowing on the sea of raging men,
Or touch aspiring trees of human might,
Until the mercy of the Lord had placed
A seal upon His faithful servants' heads.
And I beheld the remnant of the Jews,
Receive the saving seal of Jacob's God.
Twelve times twelve thousand preached the mighty truth
Unto the Gentiles, of the coming King,
And a great multitude, which none can tell,
Were saved on earth while tribulation raged,
And came, white-robed, into God's temple, where
They serve as Levites round the Great White Throne,
And drink the living streams from fountains clear,
And God Himself, did wipe away their tears.

Then sounded a deep voice throughout the sky:
"Be silent, oh all flesh, before the Lord,
For He is raised up in His holy hill."
And silence reigned in heaven for one-half hour.
Then from the throne rose the Eternal Christ,
And took upon Himself an angel's form,—
Proceeding with a censer of pure gold,
Unto Jehovah's altar as High Priest,
To offer up the prayers of all the saints.
Then filled He the gold censer with the fire
Of God's pure holiness, and cast it down
Upon the earth, and thousand thunders spoke.
Strange voices sounded, and the lightnings flashed,
While earthquakes sternly split the solid rocks.

And seven angels at His signals blew
The judgment trumpets o'er the suffering earth.
True peace, which is a quality divine,
Had left the earth, and carnal nature swayed
All things, and God left it alone.
Man worshipped Force, and had his fill of blood,
Attempting to raise his millennium,
On the debris of civil government.
Poor fool: he reaped but famine, pestilence,—
And anarchy, red-handed, followed these.
For now God's wrath was manifest above,
And sin was judged by His great altar test.

The primal trumpet sounded with a blast,
And 'there was hail, and fire was mingled with hail.'
The trees of human greatness were burnt up;
Green grass of man's prosperity destroyed.
And there was woe and turmoil everywhere.

The second trumpet sounded fiercer still,
And a great Mountain-World-Power burned with fire.
(I am not sure its name was Germany.
My vision was obscured by smoke and blaze).
It fell into the sea of anarchy.
That nimbose pool was changed by the impact.
A third part of its waves were turned to blood;
The ships, their institutions, were destroyed.
A third part of the creatures in the sea,
Were killed, and died in utter misery.

The third trump sounded o'er the howling world,

And I was trembling near the throne of God,
For I beheld a mighty, fallen Star,
Shaped like a king, and burning like a torch,
(They called him Wormwood, elsewhere Lucifer)
Drop from a pregnant cloud, and smite the founts,
And a third part of the river-streams,
And they became as wormwood to the taste,
And thousands died a bitter, galled death.

Then the fourth trump sounded, and the sun
Was partly smitten, with the moon and stars,
And day shone not as it had done before.
The darkness of the night was darker still;
And through the midst of heaven an angel flew,
And shouted triple woe unto the earth,
Because of the three trumps about to sound.

Oh thou, who drew me from the breast of night,
And formed my clay into a mortal frame:
Sustain my spirit, cheer my fainting soul,
For cruel as the grave, is this dread scene.
Oh Fountain of eternal strength, well up
Within my bosom, that I may prevail.

Harsh, loud, long, wild, weird, sounded the fifth
trump,
And I beheld the fallen Lucifer,
King-shaped and blazing, terrible in wrath,
Scorn-crowned, sneer-spitting, bristling fury-storms,
Stand forth with laughter, brandishing a key,
That opened the vast, bottomless abyss.
Wide open swung the ponderous gates of woe,

And there arose a smoke out of the pit,—
A pregnant smoke that filled the vital air,
And threw a pall around the mourning sun.
And the foul hell-clouds laboured in birth-pangs,
And monster locusts issued from their wombs.
Demons were these, of origin unknown,
Foul spirits, emissaries of the Fiend,—
The host that makes his power ubiquitous.
Let unbelievers dread that fearful tribe,
For sons of disobedience are their prey;
But they may not come near the spirit-sealed,
Adopted children of the King of heaven.
Obeying Sheol's grizzly lord, they flew,
Armed with the scorpion's power across the earth.
Like those fire-serpents in the wilderness,
Who harassed Israel's disobedient clans,
So these fell monsters harassed reprobates
For five pain-laden months, but did not slay,
Though men besought death's mercy in their prayers,
Invoking him as one invokes a god,
With such loud entreaties as these: "Come Death,
Oh beauteous Death, sweep hither on thy wings
Of cloudy splendour. Friend of helpless men,
Stern king of earthly kings: draw near and save.
Hide us where sorrow's waters cease to roll;
Hide us where anguish-tempests never blow.
Oh strip our souls of this besetting clay.
We spurn foul time; clasp us in thy embrace."
But Death fled terror-stricken from their cries,
And sporting demons tossed them on their forks.
I saw this awful army pass the earth,
Prepared for war, like champing battle-steeds.

Their human faces frowned maliciously,
And on their heads shone jewelled crowns of gold;
Like female glory, streamed their heavy hair,
And they had teeth like unto lion's teeth.
Clad in black breastplates from inferno's forge,
They came on winged chariots to torment,
And their authority was in their tails.
Joy they destroyed, and mirth fled from the land.
Waves of confusion billowed everywhere;
Destruction laughed, and desolation smote.

Oh Lord, I am aweary,—strengthen me.
Here in thy heaven my heart is grieved, and I
Would fain retract my prayer, and see no more.
But thou art just,—oh strengthen me again.

I saw a golden altar near God's throne,
And heard the sixth angelic trumpet sound.
And a great voice spoke from the altar's horn:
"Loose the four angels at Euphrates flood."
And it was done, and they prepared to slay.
I saw a dreadful cavalcade appear.
The riders clothed in brimstone, jacinth, fire,
Bestrode nefandous horses, serpent-tailed
And lion-headed.—and they bathed their swords
In the rich blood of men, but through these plagues
The race did not repent, nor turn to God.

Then rose the mighty Christ, the rain-bow-crowned,
And placed His feet that burned as pillared fire,
Upon the sea, and on the solid land.
Clouds draped His form; His face was as the sun.

He cried aloud as when a lion roars,
And seven thunders echoed in response.
His hand of power was lifted to the sky,
And He swore by the Everlasting Three,
That things shall change, and time shall be no more.

The seventh trumpet pealed and voices rang,
With a great shout of triumph through the heavens:
"The kingdoms of the earth are now the Lord's,
And Christ shall reign through all eternity."
The star-crowned elders, throned on golden seats,
Fell down before the Godhead and adored.
And while the thunders spoke and lightnings flashed,
The death-hail blew, and earth shook to its base.

"Oh sire,"—I cried, and clung to the white robe
Of the immortal seer at my side:
"These things are high. I can endure no more,
Unless new strength is given me. Behold,
I am undone. My very spirit dies,
For I have seen the terrors of the Lord.
Have mercy, oh Eternal Three in One."
And I fell prone upon the golden floor.

"Nay,"—said the sacred shade,—"fear not. Arise,
Thy prayer is heard. New strength is given thee;
For greater things than these, thou must behold."
And as he spoke, a holy seraph came
And proffered me a golden bowl, brimful
Of heavenly nectar, which I drank with haste.
Strange was indeed, the change the liquid wrought.
I felt as if the virgin powers of life,

Fresh issuing from the living heart of God,
Had filled my frame with that immortal might,
Which lifts the ether-belted globe in space.
I rose, rejoicing in a new found self,

We stood together on the topmost heights
Of the great Mount, known as Eternity.
Calm in their grandeur, rose the towering peaks.
An awful glory crowned each summit's brow.
Majestic voices called from every chasm,
And gales of life destroyed the gusts of death.
Storm-harps were played upon each precipice
By unseen hands. The vast sublimity,
Suggesting God Himself, to finite mind,
O'erpowered with its force my strengthened frame,
And I dissolved in worship, calling out
With adoration to the One who rules,—
An all-pervading Deity, sole King,
Omnipotent, omniscient in love,
Creating and upholding everything,
By the sustaining fiat of His power.
Then from this high observatory, where
I did behold and scan the universe
In all its vastness, to its furthest bound,
I saw a stormy sea, magnificent,—
Here clothed in gloom, and there in beaming light;
Now torn by angry winds, now smooth and calm;
Now humming as a maiden, languishing
For her beloved to return to her;
Now shouting as a giant in his rage,
And hurling liquid mountains towards the sky.
I knew it was the august Sea of Time.

And I beheld it travail in deep woe.
It shrieked and roared, and thunders sympathized;
And it gave birth to one grim Hour, and flung
It on the base of high Eternity.
The monstrous, devil-fathered Thing was soiled
With mother-hate, and Time moaned in dismay.

And I beheld the earth in distant space,
Seethe like a cauldron, trembling in distress,
When a great angel grasped the new-born Hour,
And cast it on the surface of the world.
I saw it burst and scatter fiery mists,
Which hailstorms drove away, and it was calm.
Then on the site of the new Babylon,
Built on the seven ancient hills of Rome,
I saw the towering form of Lucifer,
In consultation with two mighty men,
And I asked my great tutor: "Who are they?"

His smile benign shone on me, while he said:
"Mark thou the one in golden armour clad,
With the ten crowns emblazoned on his shield.
Behold the lofty brow and eagle glance.
Note thou his godlike form, and haughty tread.
It is the emperor, the Antichrist,
The little Horn, the Beast out of the Sea,
Who rules the empire of the ten domains,
Which Daniel in his different visions saw.
And seest thou the wondrous Babylon,
Rebuilt by him, now capital of earth?
He came on a white horse, but it is slain;
He rides the red, the black, the yellow now.

And seest thou the other gowned one,
The black Ecclesiarch, the triple-crowned,
With the mysterious keys there at his belt?
Ay, there upon that very triple crown,
Beholdest thou the name of 'Mystery?'
That is the Prophet false, Beast of the Earth,
And governor of Satan's synagogue.
Behold the dread, infernal trinity,
Burlesquing the Eternal Three in One.
They labour here in common unity,
And none shall part them in the lowest hell,
Where gravitation's law will carry them."

One time another Man and Satan met
Upon a mountain near Jerusalem.
The tempter showed to Him his world-system,
Based on the cosmic principles of greed,
Of pleasure, force, ambition, selfishness,—
Imposing, powerful, with armies, fleets,—
Scientific, cultured, elegant and strong,—
Perhaps religious,—but a hellish thing,
Because it is the product of the Fiend.
This cosmos-fraud, which he had organized,
The devil proffered to the Son of God,
If He would worship its dedolent king.
With holy scorn the mighty Son replied:
"Get thee behind me, adversary,—flee."
And he who nothing had in Christ, obeyed.
To this foul system He referred, when once
He said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Now things were not as things had been before.

The Antichrist was different from the Christ,
And worshipped gladly in the Dragon's den,
Where strength infernal was supplied to him.
His tongue,—now hell-inspired—spoke blasphemies
Against the Lord and His most holy Christ,—
Against God's temple and the heavenly host,
And the un-sealed earth-dwellers worshipped him.
For two and forty months he ruled the world,
As monarch absolute. And he made war,
Terrific war, upon the saints of God.
The Jews had made 'a covenant with hell,'
When they again became a sovereign power;
But covenants with hell are not secure.
High shone their temple fanes on Zion's hill,
As in the ancient days of Solomon.
Their shekels had procured immunity
From the great Beast, who came out of the sea;
But Antichrist knew German history.
He looked on treaties as mere paper scraps,
And broke them, as the Hohenzollern did.

Adorned with Satan's strength, on a red steed,
The emperor came to Jerusalem,
Together with the triple-crowned priest.
Amid the shrieks of outraged Jews, they rode
Into the rebuilt temple of the Lord,
And entered—mounted—the Most Holy Place,
While armed soldiers filled the outer court.
Upon the Ark of the great Covenant,
O'ershadowed by the wings of cherubim,
The emperor in purple robed, sat down,
And spoke in accents, marvellous and deep:

"Ye kings and princes,—nations of the earth:
Behold your emperor enthroned, a god.
For ages, superstition ruled mankind,
And woe prevailed on the distracted globe.
I found the world in misery and strife,
Torn into fragments by the fool-beliefs,
Which had kept nations down for centuries.
I have subdued the earth. It owns my sway,
And all the nations shall be one indeed.
I conquered in the face of the old God,—
The myth, ye worshipped through millenniums.
I conquered, and in spite of Mary's Son,
Whom some expect to rule the earth one day.
I conquered, and my power shall last for aye.
I bid the thunders roll, and they obey.
My voice commands the lightning bolt to flash,
And at my bidding, ocean roars and foams.
From me the stars in heavens have their light.
I am the god of gods and king of kings,
And I defy the world to touch the crown,
Which sparkles here on my imperial brow.
Is there a God above? I challenge Him
To send His armies to the field to day,
And I will meet Him and destroy His force,
And send Him howling to the weeping skies.
Aye, I will follow Him, and hurl Him down
To the abyss, and reign upon His throne.
No answer to my challenge? Hear me then:
Myself am god. Now worship me as such."
This arrant blasphemy was heard in heaven,
And the GREAT UNTHROWN STONE began
to move

With threatening trembling on the Hill of Doom.
But on the earth, men shouted and adored
The crowned Abomination as their god,
And he in turn made bondslaves of them all.

I saw the Holy City boil and roar
As a deep vortex, torn by wild whirlwinds;
And the uproarious waves from its dark pool,
Seething with terror, swept across the earth,
Involving in its swirl the Gentile powers,
Who raged, while Jews imagined vain conceit.
More fierce than Nero or Antiochus,
He, with the number 'Six and Sixty-Six,'
Spread desolation by his cruelty,
Sustained by the great, wrathful Fiend, who knew
His awful doom was drawing near with haste.

I saw an angel in the midst of heaven,
Holding the scroll of doom within his hand:
A message of God's justice to the world, —
A summons to adore the Lofty One.
Another angel warned the earthly tribes,
Against *'Romiith Lateinos'* and his mark,
Exhorting all to faith in Jesus Christ.
Thus I beheld God's warning mercy plead.

My weary eye turned from the vale of blood,—
The devil-ruled, the reeking, hell-bound earth,
Where horrors, consequences of man's sin,
Flew eagle-fast on monstrous dragon-wings.
I looked through heaven, and through the temple hall,

Where altars shone, and lights undying burned,—
And as I looked, a vision met my gaze.
I saw a countenance, majestic, calm,
And so terrific that my spirit reeled,
Almost annihilated by the sight
Of its revealed sublimity and power.
Doom sat upon its slowly moving lips,
As a derisive laughter shook those gates,
From whence all life proceeded in the past.
And when I heard that laughter, I took heart.
I knew His sore displeasure and His wrath,
Were messengers to clear the putrid air,
Before the falling of the UNTHROWN STONE.

And I beheld a wondrous sign in heaven.
I saw a sea of mingled glass and fire.
Victorious saints with harps of heavenly gold,
Stood on its waves, and chanted Moses' song,
And holy hymns to the atoning Lamb.
Then as they ceased, a mighty voice pealed out:
"Throw back the gates, and open wide the doors.
Ye ministers of judgment, now appear."
Back rolled the gates, and seven angels came
From the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Lord,
With golden girdles, clad in raiment white.
One of the four Arch-Cherubs gave to them
The fatal bowls, full of God's awful wrath,
And from the temple pealed the voice again:
"Depart, and pour the bowls upon the earth."

The great expanse was spanned with a dark bridge
Of funeral clouds, together bound by fire.

A pall fell on the earth, and it was still.
Birds sang no more, and laughter ceased and died;
All music became shrill, and joy was killed.
Clouds swept the sky, but rain came not from them.
Hard as the solid rocks, the fields appeared.
The uneared corn turned yellow, and the beasts
Ran starved in sandy pastures, moaning loud.
The tiller shook his hoe and blasphemed God.
Then came the angels on the bridge of cloud,
And held the seven golden bowls aloft,
Full of the wine of God's unmixed wrath,
For men had spurned the cup of loving grace.
Fierce, growling mothers ate their new-born babes.
Marriage had been banished; homes decayed.
Unbridled lust prevailed and love had fled.
Virtue and truth were waylaid, and the Beast
Was worshiped in the temple of the Lord.

Down streamed the contents of the primal bowl,
And noisome, grievous sores broke out on men.
The second bowl was cast into the sea,—
The third into the rivers and the springs,
And all the water of the sea was blood.
Now tempests swept across the crimson main;
Red billows foamed and kissed the angry sky.
Primeval monsters rose from the vast deep,
And climbed in terror on the struggling ships.
Strong men and monsters quailed before the waves,
Which rolled in purple thunder, rife with death.
Minds perished first. Insanity prevailed,
And every soul on sea fell down and died.
And the bloodguilty drank from springs of blood.

And the fourth angel emptied his doom-bowl
Upon the sun, which made it blaze and scorch
With heat unnatural. Still men blasphemed
The living God, and they repented not.
The fifth commissioner poured out his bowl
Of wrath upon the throne of Antichrist,
And a great earthquake shook the hills of Rome,
While darkness fell upon the Beast's domain.
The sun rolled rayless, clad in funeral garb;
The moon shone not, and every star was hid.
Men stabbed each other in the dark,
And ate the putrid bodies of the slain.
They gnawed and bit their tongues in agony,
And living skeletons cried out for light.
Their prayers, though urgent, rose in blasphemy.

And lo: Time was in labour with a Day,—
A Day, foreseen by prophet-bards of old,
Jehovah's Day, the day of victory,
When desolation shall embrace His foes.
The sixth bowl fell upon Euphrates stream,
And banished with a storm the rushing waves,
That mighty armies, led by Eastern kings,
Might pass unto Megiddo to the fray,
Where Gentile domination will be crushed,
And Israel find deliverance by the power
Of that Messiah, whom they crucified.

The seventh bowl was larger than the rest,
Full of the burning fierceness of God's wrath.
A trembling moan passed through the universe,
As the last angel lifted that dire cup,

And emptied it into the dismal air.
Then roared Jehovah from the templed Mount.
His judgment-shout was heard throughout the world,
While jagged doom-hail fell on Babylon.
The angels thundered their approval down,
And hurled their lightning bolts on haughty towers.
Great world-powers fell, and anarchy prevailed.
The mountains were laid low, and islands fled
Before the terrors of the voice that spoke.

Conducted by an angel and the Seer,
To whom the vision shone on Patmos' isle,
I mounted the broad wings of that pure Bird,
Who hovered over Jesus in the stream,
When from his shell the Baptist poured the drops,
Which sanctified Him to His mighty work,—
And I was carried to the wilderness.
There, saddled on the seven-headed Beast,
I saw a scarlet woman, triple-crowned,
Arrayed in purple, precious stones and pearls,—
A gay and gaudy, shameless courtesan,
Drunk since the day of St. Bartholomew,
With holy blood of martyrs and of saints.
Proud sat the indecent strumpet on the Beast,
And tickled it around the ten great horns,
With maudlin revelry, until in rage,
It cast her on the ground and tore her robes,
And left her naked in her open shame.
She cried for mercy, but the monster tore
Her with its horns and ate her putrid flesh.
The angels shouted when the harlot fell,

And harpers celebrated the event.
Four Hallelujahs shook the heavenly dome,
Sung by the Huguenots and Scottish saints,
Slain by the vanquished whore in former days.
I preached her funeral sermon free of charge,
And buried her few bones in Potter's Field,
In the same grave with Judas Iscariot.

And now, high Monitor, thy final aid,
Thy light, thy prompting voice, I do require.
Interpreter of Truth, celestial Dove,—
Thou Fountain of pure Wisdom, give me strength
To bide on the Empyrian hill awhile,
And view through thy perspective, the Last Things,
On the Great Day of Jesus Christ, the Lord.

It was a curious morning, cold and clear.
An utter calm prevailed,—but once or twice,
I thought all nature shuddered, as from fear.
The air was heavier than the human heart,
Which breaks with sorrow in the hour of death.
And mystic clouds appeared, weird, ominous,
Red-rimmed, fantastic,—and creation moaned.
It seemed as if great armies massed above,
To view the final scenes upon the earth.

Armed with satanic strength, the Antichrist
Appeared on horseback on Megiddo's plain,—
Clothed in grim fury, marshalling his hosts
Against the Holy City of the Lord.
The people quailed in terror and dismay,
As the invading squadrons filled the plains,
And armies crowned the mountain tops with spears.
The trumpet sounded from Mount Zion's walls,
And trembling Jewish footmen took the field,
Prepared to fight the awful ten-horned Beast.

High on the Hill of Robbers Satan stood,

In lurid armour, conscious of his might.
The remnants of cherubic glory blazed
As a beclouded comet, ruin-filled.
His piercing glance was riveted on the sky,
And from the depth of his amurcous soul
He hissed: "Wild shall the weather be ere night.
Wild as the heart of him, who ruled in heaven,
The sovereign of uncounted Cherubim,
But lost the field against the Tyrant-God.
A greater struggle shall begin to day.
Once more, once more, I match my godlike strength,
Against the armies of my ancient Foe.
Oh guerdon of sole sovereignty and power,
I covet thee. Annihilation's gulf,
Shall not deter nor frighten Lucifer.
To war, to war against the hated King,
And His abhorred followers on the earth."

A cup of trembling was Jerusalem.
From the high walls, men saw the rushing hordes,
Fierce as young lions, thirsting for the fray.
And there was mourning in the House of God.
The day of Jacob's trouble had appeared.

I grasped the Seer's arm, and groaned dismayed,
But he upheld me with his tender hand.
"Have patience,"—he admonished,—"victory
Is stirring on the golden throne beyond.
Look on the final scenes, and worship God."

A monstrous panorama met my view.
The sun rose in a sheet of dripping blood,

Out of a tomb of pregnant thunder-clouds.
The horrid light enshrouded Zion's hill.
O'erhead reigned gloom, as of a great eclipse.
Still Satan looked into the churning clouds.
On his fell features, a dire purpose hung.
The Antichrist upon his blood-red steed,
Followed by the Ecclesiarch of Rome,
Astride a yellow mare with evil eyes,
Came to the mountain where Abaddon stood.
Both fell upon the ground before his feet,
And Antichrist addressed his master thus:
"Imperial monarch, deity of force,
Prince of the air, and god of this vast world:
Thy servants have prepared the battlefield.
The Eastern and the Northern kings go forth
In proud rebellion to sustain the Jews.
But we rely upon thy might divine,
Sole sovereign of the wondrous universe.
Give thou thy orders, gladly we obey."

"Fear not, my captains,"—Lucifer replied:
"Eternal millions battle on your side,
And powers, unknown to man, I give to you.
As withered leaves, blown by the autumn gale,
So shall those armies be, which now approach.
Remember this, when through the smitten hosts,
Ye follow Lucifer in lightnings clothed.
Command the warlike squadrons to advance;
And scatter death and hell as ye proceed."

Low the infernal twain bowed to their king,
And passed his stern command to all their hosts.

Triumphant shouts and thunderous cannon-roar,
Went up from the wild hordes, and forth they sped,
As ravenous tigers to devour their prey.
Abaddon vaulted on a coal-black horse,
And shook his fiery sword against the heavens:
"Come to the field, thou virgin-born,"—he cried:
"Come forth, and taste the terrors of thy foe.
Peal, peal, my thunders; strike, ye fiery bolts.
Quake, solid earth; rush down my doom, oh storms.
Ye powers of the wild air: now follow me.
Thou dragon of destruction, spread thy wings,
And clasp in thy embrace that cursed town.
Annihilate His chosen race with fire."

Loud screamed the bugle notes. The Eastern horse,
Like giant arms, shot out to meet the foe,
While Hebrew footmen in a body moved,
As the broad bosom of the rolling sea,
With grim determination to withstand
The horrid Three, and their infernal might.

Then roared Abaddon as a lion roars,
And waved his dart,—a signal to the sky.
The pregnant clouds responded with a crash,
And belching flame poured down upon the earth.
Like fiery snakes, the monstrous lightnings hissed.
Companioned by the whirlwinds, mighty oaks,
Torn from the plains, were hurtling through the air.
The sleeping mountains woke; volcanoes burned,
While hail and hissing rain and rocks tore by.
Upon the wings of the tormented storm,
A million unchained demons grandly rode,

And mixed their voices with the tempest's yell.
No human weapon flew; infernal brands
Struck right and left, and horse and rider fell.
Hills lighted on the squadrons, as they fled.
And the majestic walls of Zion sank
Before the onrush of the thundering flames.
A wail resounded through the ancient town,—
A cry of pain, that made the mountains quake.
The horsemen terrible, led by the Fiend,
Garbed in the lightnings of his dire revenge,
With Antichrist and the fierce Roman pope,
Raged through the streets. The blood in rivers flowed,
And naked souls swam in the crimson streams.
The hoary grandsires fell beneath the sword.
The demon warriours ripped the matron's womb,
And crushed the infant's head against the wall.
Pure maidens were the vicious soldiers' prey.
Lucifer's army in Jerusalem,
Was nearly as inhuman and as vile,
As that of Germany in Belgium.
Wilhelm the Second taught the devil well,
For Satan, though a Fiend, and deeply fallen,—
Though aided by ferocious Antichrist,
Could never have invented cruelty
So monstrous, if the German emperor,
The Hohenzollern, had not tutored him.

Ten thousand hoof-beats sounded in the streets;
On, towards the temple charged the furious host.
Forth flew Zerubbabel, the president
Of the restored Jewish commonwealth,

With a chosen remnant, to Megiddo's plain;
But Joshua, the mitred priest, remained.
And with him stood the angel Gabriel,
In arms refulgent, and his sparkling glaive
Unsheathed. Bright as an altar flame he shone,
Close by the temple gate,—a tower of strength,—
Waiting the onslaught of Gehenna's king.
On the broad square, before the outer court,
Abaddon wheeled his steed, and faced his host,
And a tremendous shout rose to the sky,
As the dark glory of his countenance,
With its night-lustre, beamed upon them all:
"Worship the god of force, great Lucifer.
Adore the emperor and his high priest.
Worship, worship our godlike trinity."
Thus bayed the death-hounds, and their masters flew
On foaming chargers to the temple gate,
Where a 'thus far,' spoken by Gabriel,
Restrained and cowed them all, except the Fiend.

"Thus far, oh Satan, heaven permitted thee,"—
Said God's ambassador, now terrible
To look upon, as holy anger flamed
Upon his sacred brow: "Fiend, get thee gone.
And ye two vultures, follow him.
Zerubbabel on Armageddon's plain,
Has made his stand. There shall the issues close.
Nay, spare thy answer, monstrous blasphemer.
Thou knowest well how short thy time is now.
Lift not thy poisoned dart. The elements
Will not obey thee in his presence, who

Came from the throne of heaven's eternal King,
And in His name command thee to depart."

Thus spoke the angel, and Apollion quailed
Before the fearsome might of his stern glance.
As waves receding from the rocky shore,
Far into the main with wasted strength,
The fiendish army made a swift retreat,
Shunning the angel's presence, as the night
Shrinks from the splendour of the rising sun.

The angel vanished, but the high priest wept,
And called with a loud voice: "Hear Israel:
Turn to the Lord with fasting and with grief.
Rend, rend your hearts and not your costly robes,
For God is merciful, and slow to wrath.
He is the God of kindness; worship Him.
Assemble in the courts of the Most High.
Blow, blow the trumpet. Sanctify a fast.
Gather the people and the little ones,
And let the priests and ministers of God,
Fall down with weeping at the altar's horn,
Beseeching Him to save His Israel.
Be wise, ye people, kiss the holy Son,
Lest He be angry, and ye perish all;
For blest are they that put their trust in Him."

And as they wept in the great temple court,
Invoking mercy on Jerusalem,
A living glory shone above their heads,
And Gabriel once more appeared to view,
And brought to them a message from on high:

"Comfort your hearts, ye people, I am he
Who stands in the dread presence of the Lord,
And I say unto you: your prayer is heard.
Your God is jealous for His chosen land,
And saving pity shall descend from Him.
Rejoice, oh remnant, for the hour is near,
When ye shall see the living King appear
In flaming anger to destroy your foes.
That Jesus, whom your fathers crucified,
Shall break the heathen with His iron rod,
And ye shall know Him in the midst of Israel.
Oh daughter of God's Zion: rise and thresh,
For I will make thy horn invincible.
Be glad, ye children of Jerusalem,
Your faithful God will do great things for you."

When he had spoken thus, and cheered their hearts,
A rosy mist of soft and holy light,
Enveloped him, and took him from their sight.

And as I looked with rapture on these scenes,
The apostolic prophet grasped my hand,
And pointed to the sun, which rolled below.
Upon its burning round an angel stood:
No less a person than the field-marshal,
Stern Michael, of the Lord's immortal hosts.
He cried unto his squadrons in mid-heaven,
The winged Cherubim and Seraphim:
"Come unto the great supper of our God,
That ye may eat the flesh of mighty kings,
And vex the raging hordes of Lucifer,
With fierce destruction and eternal doom."

A shout, which echoed thunders, answered him,
And countless myriads gathered round the chief,
Whose eye expectant, rested on the doors
Of the great temple in the highest heaven.

Apollion's maniac hosts had crossed the stream
Of Jordan, and rushed forward as a wave,
Crowned with bright, sunlit foam, towards the plain
Of Armageddon, where Zerubbabel,
The Hebrew governour, had made his stand,
With those that feared the Lord, of which He said:
"In that great day, when I make up my jewels,
They shall be mine, and I the Lord will spare
Them, as a Father spareth His beloved."

Now denser, and still denser, grew the gloom.
The sun and moon were darkened, and the stars
Withdrew their shining, for the day of wrath,
The day of wasteness and distress had come,
And the wild Ragnarok was on the earth.

High on the Hill of Robbers, Satan stood
Once more, in glory terrible, but now
The elements obeyed the Fiend no more.
For the great captain, who stood in the sun,
Surrounded by the heavenly armies, held
The reins of this world-system under God.
Grim Satan bellowed like an angry bull,
Commanding all his thunderbolts to flash,
And hurl destruction, but they heeded not.
He called upon the tempests with a roar,
But the fierce storms slept on the distant shores.

He called upon the solid earth to split,
And swallow with its open mouth his foes,
But the great ball passed onward heedlessly.
He screamed in terror to the towering rocks,
Imploring them with rage, to lift and fall
With crushing force upon Jerusalem.
But the eternal hills with silent scorn,
Refused the bidding of the Lord of Ill.
Then called he to the ferine ghouls above,
And they came forth to work his baneful will.
Like vulture droves, they crowned the lofty hills,
Waiting the signal from their fastuous prince.

The little army of Zerubbabel,
Together with their chief, knelt down in prayer,
And cried with earnest voice: "Oh Lord, most high,
Remember now thy promises of old,
Unto the chosen seed of Abraham,
And to the house of David in thy land.
Make thou the prince of Judah like a fire,
And like a torch of flame among the sheaves,
That thy Jerusalem may stand secure.
Pour out thy Spirit, oh thou God of grace,
That we may see the Pierced One, our King.
And open thou the fountain for all sin,
And all uncleanness on thy Holy Hill.
The heathen rage; save thou thy people, Lord,
And strike the fierce oppressor with thy rod.
Oh holy Son, we put our trust in thee.
Remember thou thy remnant. Save thy land."

Then spurred the Antichrist his blood-red steed,

And rode—an embassy—before the hosts,
And shouted to the rising Jewish lord:
"All hail, Zerubbabel;—mark thou my words.
Grim death and torture, is thy due, thou dog,
Thou rebel slave, who dared defy the power
Of the imperial monarch of the earth,
Of the great Roman church, and of that god,
Who shines in lustrous splendour on the hill.
But lay now down thy arms, and worship me,
And by my universal crown I swear,
That mercy shall be granted thee and thine.
Refuse, and you shall pay the penalty
In agony and death. Be wise and heed
The word, that cometh not the second time."

That moment the eternal Spirit fell
Upon Zerubbabel, and he replied:
"Hence, devil-worshipper, and dread thy doom.
Thou hast reproached and blasphemed the Most
High,
And yelled with scorn against the Holy One;
Therefore is Sheol yawning for thy soul.
Remember thou Sennacherib, and flee."

"Then die, audacious slaves,"—roared Antichrist:
"Prepare yourselves to face a living hell.
Unfurl the bloody banners of red war.
Oh Lucifer, loose thou the dogs of death,
And let the horses swim in streams of blood.
Onward, ye hosts, the hungry vultures wait."

The bugles screamed, and drums beat the advance.

In lurid light, the enemy of man,
Stood on his hill-throne, wielding a great sword,
Inspiring with his shouts the hordes bethralled.
Setigerous demons hovered in the air.
Though day, the moon swam in a cloud, which seemed
Dark blood. The sun was hid in dismal gloom,
And stars fell from the murky firmament.
Great pillars round the Jewish remnant rose,—
Pillars of fiery flame, and thundering smoke,
Checking the onrush of the mighty foe.
And as a drunkard reels, so reeled the earth,
And terror fell upon the souls of men.

"Bow down, bow down, for now the end is near,"
Said the beloved tutor at my side;
And both of us fell prostrate to the ground.
Then opened the great temple doors in heaven,
And the angelic armies bowed with awe.
On a white horse, the filial Deity rode forth,
And thousands followed Him, bellipotent.
A vesture, dipped in blood, robed His dread form,
And His sharp, two-edged sword, was bathed in heaven.
A shout, resounding through the vast domain
Of all the heavens, burst forth, when He appeared,
And His redeemed witnesses cried out:
"All hail, thou King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.
All hail, thou Fierceness of Almighty God,
Who makest war in righteousness and truth.
Thy throne, oh God, shall stand forevermore.
When thou dost rend the heavens, and ride down,

Then shall the ocean boil, and mountains flee;
And thou wilt save thy people Israel,
And smite the proud oppressor in the dust."

The ancient earth heaved in convulsive throes,
And fiends and fiendish men howled in dismay.
Then shone above Mount Calvary the sign,
The awful emblem of the Son of Man,
The fiery cross, formed as a lightning sword.
The Lion of the tribe of Judah roared
His battle shout, which rent the brazen sky.
On milk-white chargers, all the heavenly hosts,
Followed the glorious King, who flashed to earth,
And placed His foot upon Mount Olivet,
And instantly the hoary hill was cleft
From peak to base. And as His stern shout rang
The second time, the ponderous fragment flew,
Lifted by whirlwinds towards the North, and fell
Upon the shuddering hordes of Antichrist.
Forth rode Messiah on the snowy steed,
Spurring across the ancient path where once
He came upon an ass unto His own,
Weeping for them,—and dying for their sins.
And as He sped towards the bloody fray,
The mighty UNTHROWN STONE, which Daniel saw,
Fell thundering on the throne of Antichrist,
And the infernal, worldly empire fell.

Then trod the King the winepress on the plain,
And the Eternal pleaded with the world,
With His great sword and with His fiery might.

His breath of doom brought low the Man of Sin,
Who cried in terror to the trembling hills,
To hide him from Messiah's countenance.
The Roman pope clung to the devil's knees,
And prayed the Fiend to shield him from Christ's power,
And the undaunted Dragon did his best.
Huge as Mount Everest rose he from the earth,
Spouting vile blasphemies, as a great whale
Spouts foam, wielding his dart with threatening rage.
But the Messiah reined His heavenly steed,
And lifted His red sword towards the sky.
He spoke no word, but two archangels came,
Blazing as twin-stars, down upon the plain
In golden chariots. As they touched the ground,
The earth shook, and a fiery chasm appeared,
And Gabriel, one of the twain, called out:
"Come hither, thou Zerubbabel, and bring
Thy bodyguard. Take the accursed pope,
And the blasphemous emperor, and fling
Them into the abyss. But lave your hands
In lye and in lixivium afterwards,
For these are unclean beasts indeed." And thus
By human hands, the wickedest of men,
Were thrown into the bottomless abyss.

The guardian angel of the Jewish race,
And highest power in heaven after God,
Clad in refulgent arms, stood face to face
With Lucifer upon the Mount of Sin.
And silence fell upon the shuddering world.

The Dragon lifted up his voice to speak,
But motion was denied his trembling tongue.
With fuming rage he clutched his ponderous sword,
But it fell clattering from a withered hand.
Then spoke the mighty prince of Cherubim,
In voice subdued to the defeated Fiend:
"Oh fallen Son of Morning, Lucifer,
Anointed Cherub, rebel in God's house:
Thine hour hast come at last, world-king, discrowned, cast down.
Thy doom is sealed, thou god of fallen man.
I saw thee fall as lightning from God's hill,
When thou attemptedst to ascend the throne
Of the Most High, above His shining stars.
And hast thou said: 'I will mount up on high,
And rule above the clouds, sole sovereign lord?'
Then go thy way, thou enemy of God,
And learn the meaning of this saying now:
'He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
And hath exalted those of low degree;'
For even now, I cast thee down to hell,
To suffer torture through a thousand years.
And they shall scan thee in thy chains and say:
'Is this the king who made the kingdoms shake,
And made the peopled world a wilderness?
Alas, alas, how art the mighty fallen.'
Hell from beneath is moved to welcome thee.
It stirreth up the chief ones of the earth,
And raiseth on the thrones of sulphur flames,
The shades of those deluded kings, who fell
In this last battle on Megiddo's plain,
And they shall speak and say to thee: 'Art thou

Brought low, and hath become as one of us?'
I bring thy pomp down into Sheol's pit.
Thy music shall be heard no more, and thou
Shall rest on worms, and worms shall cover thee."

Thus speaking, Michael chained the Lord of Ill,
And cast him into the eternal deep,—
Even the lake of fire and brimstone,—where
The Antichrist and the false prophet fell.

The Rider on the white horse sheathed His sword,
And as He did so, the weird tempests ceased,
And fell asleep upon the mountain heights.
The loud, majestic thunders pealed no more,
But Zephyrs, sweet as angel breathings, rose,
And chased the darkness from the firmament,
And it was light on earth at eventide.

In the old valley of Jeshosaphat,
A throne of glory, mystic, wonderful,—
A royal seat, not made with hands,—appeared,
And Jesus, Mary's Son, ascended it.
Herded by Cherubim with flaming swords,
The remnants of the late opposing hosts,
Were gathered on the left side of the throne.
Conducted by rejoicing Seraphim,
The Gentile powers, which fought for righteousness,
Were stationed at the right hand of the King.
To them with tender love, the Sovereign said:
"Come unto me, ye blessed of the Lord:
Inherit ye my kingdom here on earth,
Prepared for you in past eternity.

For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat,
And I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.
I was a stranger, and ye took me in;
Ye clothed me when I was destitute.
When sick within the dreary prison house,
Ye came to me and served me there in love."

The righteous Christians marvelled at His words,
And said to Him with meekness: "Blessed Lord,
When have we seen thee suffering in distress,
And watched with thee, within the prison house?"
The King replied: "What ye have done unto
The least of mine among the chosen seed
Of Abraham, when tribulation reigned
On earth, and they proclaimed my truth to men,
That also, have ye done to me, their King."

Then turned He to the hordes of Antichrist,
And the pure wrath of holiness, outraged,
Spread clouds of terror o'er His countenance,
And with a voice that shook the world, He spoke,
And said to them: "Depart from me, ye cursed,
Into the everlasting fire, prepared
For Satan and his fallen angel hosts.
For I was hungry, and I suffered thirst,
And ye relieved me not. When nakedness
And sickness in the dreary prison house,
Distressed my soul, ye spurned me in my woe."
"When have we seen thee, Lord, in such distress?"
The shuddering throng, conscious of evil deeds,
Demanded from the King, who knew their lives.
"What ye have not done unto one of these,"—

He answered them: "Ye have not done to me."
And they departed to the yawning deep,
That swallowed Antichrist and the false priest,
And the great Energizer of their crimes.

Now when I looked again, I saw the throne
In the old Wilderness of Wanderings,
Where God dealt with the seed of Abraham
In former days, purging the rebels out,
Before His Israel entered the sweet land,
That flowed with milk and honey. Here the King,
Whom their progenitors had crucified,
And spurned as their Messiah, gathered all
The remnants of dispersed Israel,
And they looked upon Him, whom they had pierced.

Then spoke the King unto Zerubbabel:
"Come hither, oh my servant, tried and true.
Thou hast been faithful in the little things,
And hast not put thy trust in might and power,
But in my Spirit. Therefore the great mount
Became a plain before thy voice of prayer.
The Head-Stone, which the architects refused
In by-gone days, thou hast brought back, for I
Am He. I came with 'Beauty' and with 'Bands,'—
With graciousness and union for the seed
Of Jacob, as a Shepherd full of love;
But I was spurned, and the two healing staves
Were broken, when the thirty silver coins
Were paid perdition's child for God's own Son.
But I will heal your grievous wounds to day,
And ye shall draw your waters from the well

Of my salvation. Hail Zerubbabel.
I make thee here a signet on my hand.
Be thou as Daniel, in my earth-domain,—
A pillar. Enter thou into my joy."

With tears of gratitude, the governour,—
The faithful servant,—kissed his Master's hand.
A little child observed a shining wound
In His extended palm, and said: "Oh Lord,
What are these wounds within thy gracious hands?"
"Within the house of my own friends, oh child,"—
The King replied,—"received I these deep wounds.
They smote the Shepherd; therefore these poor sheep
Were scattered on the thousand hills so long.
But by these wounds, oh faithful Israel,
Has thy redemption come to thee this day.
Now in Jerusalem a fountain flows,
With living waters to the ends of earth;
In summer and in winter shall it be.
Pass in, possess the land, oh Jacob's seed.
Your days of sorrow shall forever cease."

A shout of joy rose in the wilderness,
Resounding in the air, where angels shone,—
And from the lips of the immortal saints,
The many thousands, whom the patriarch,
The seventh from our first progenitor
Beheld. And the great shout gave birth to songs,
That thrilled with adoration and with praise
Unto high God, because the royal Branch,
Sprung from the root of Jesse had appeared
On earth, crowned with the Spirit Sevenfold.

And the old world was not as it had been.
Creation groaned no more in agony,
For the Edenic curse had fled as mist,
Before the rising of the glorious sun.
Wild growth of weed and thistle was no more.
Ferocity died in the wild beast's heart,
And venom left the frames of creeping things.
All sickness, poverty and pestilence,
Were banished from God's world. Longevity
And strength restored to man, enabled him,
To build his houses and inhabit them,
To plant his vineyards and to eat their fruit.
The distant desert blossomed as a rose,
And men walked in the holy, healing light
Of God's pure countenance, revealed in Christ.
Thy destiny sublime, oh ancient earth,—
Thy perfect day without a mist or cloud,
Had dawned with universal liberty,
Intelligence and happiness supreme,
In noontide glory, and without a storm.
True peace, the living, lasting peace of God,
Flowed from Christ's throne on Zion's sacred hill.
The UNTHROWN STONE—the Kingdom of
the Lord—
Filled all the earth, and the Messiah ruled.

Thus was the vision which my spirit saw,
When on the wings of the immortal Bird,
The Dove of God, it passed into the heavens.
And the great dream is true, for I have found
By searching in the Book infallible,
It rests on testimonies, firm and sure,

Made by the Triune One, who cannot lie.
And so, awakened on the rock below,
I look with joyous hope towards the sky.
Methinks the angels are preparing now,
To sound the trumpets, and to pour their bowls,
And usher in the Kingdom of the Christ:
The Kingdom of the mighty UNTHROWN STONE.

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